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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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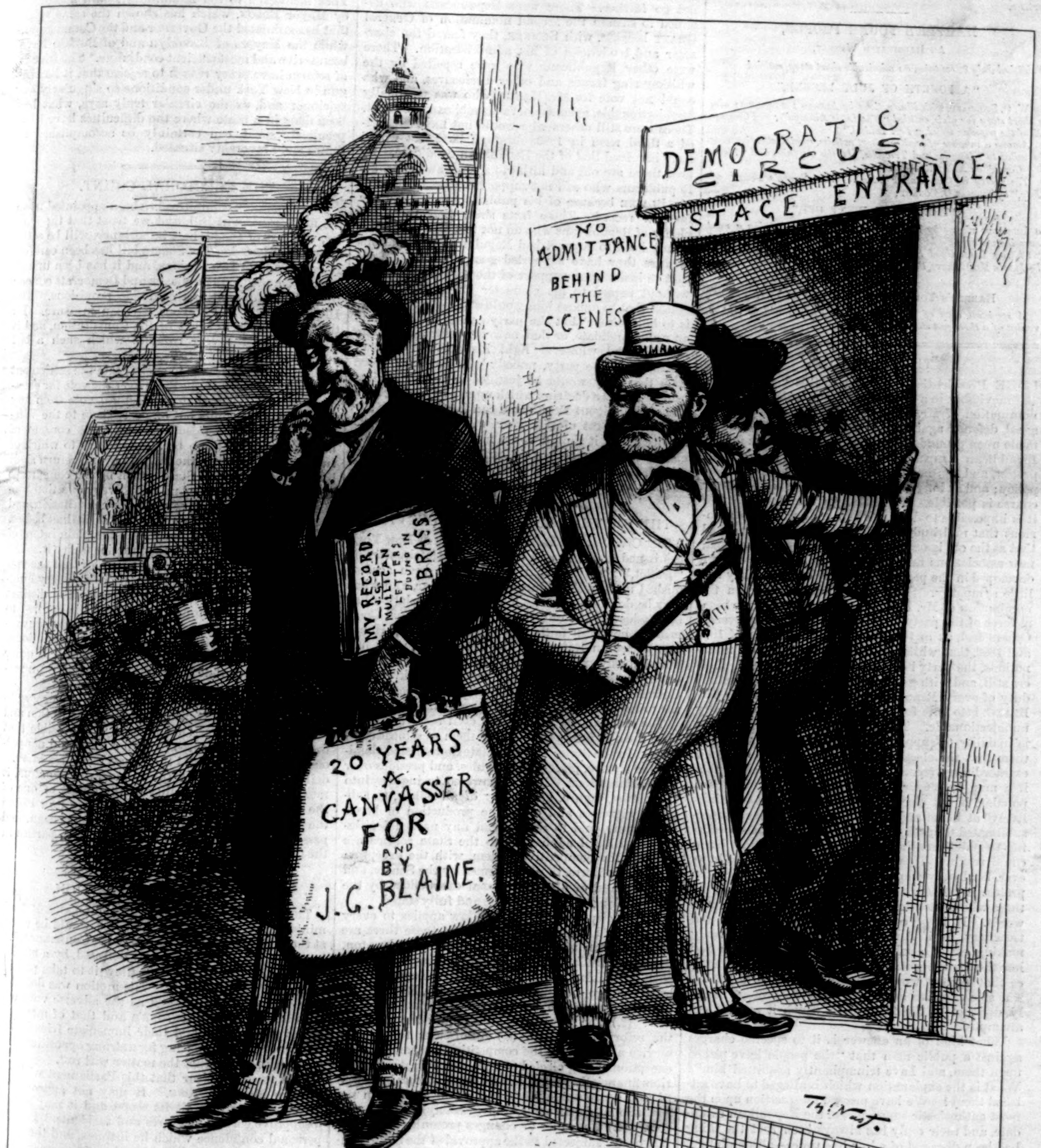

THE BOSSES' CONVENTION.

DEMOCRATIC BOSS KELLY *to* REPUBLICAN BOSS BLAINE. "I hope I can manage MY Convention as well AS YOU DID YOURS. If I don't, *I'll see you later.*"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 12, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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Published July 8, contains an admirable short story, entitled

"A FOURTH OF JULY LEGEND,"

by W. O. Stoddard, *with illustrations by* Alfred Fredericks; *also a short story for girls, entitled "The Little Aitanga"; and Chapter X. of the popular serial, "Left Behind."*

Among a number of excellent short articles, special attention may be called to "Bicycles and Tricycles," by the Captain, and "Walking-Canes," by A. W. Roberts.

The poetry in this number includes "Tom Brown's Fourth of July," by Thomas O. Conant;

"THEY BOTH WENT OFF,"

a humorous rhyme by Margaret Eytinge, *accompanying a most amusing picture of a kitten playing with a lighted fire-cracker; and "Charley Loves Good Sugar Cake," a nursery rhyme, illustrated by* Jessie McDermott, *the music by* S. B. Mills.

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A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Presidential campaign of this year is to be inevitably in a great degree personal, because the nomination of Mr. Blaine requires a constant personal defense against the general protest which is made upon grounds of public morality. Thus far the Republican campaign has been directed against that protest, and has not opened any question of national policy; and as long as the protest continues, no other course is possible. The extent of the dissatisfaction it is impossible to deny. For a long time it is notorious that multitudes of Republicans have observed that as the old issues were passing away, a new spirit, new associations and tendencies and purposes, were developed in the party, with many of which they had little sympathy. Such Republicans look upon the nomination of Mr. Blaine as the proof that the moral force of the party is spent, and they await events. Others feel, as in the New York campaigns of 1879 and 1882, that while they can not support the nominations, the party itself is not beyond recovery. Others still, and with great ardor, hold that the practical duty of every Republican who can not vote for Mr. Blaine is to vote for his opponent if he be personally unobjectionable. The one thing in which all agree is inability to support the candidate. It is plain to them that the election of Mr. Blaine, in face of his extraordinary record, would be the declaration that if a man be clever and dashing and plausible and popular, if his election promises to "make things lively" at home and abroad, it is absurd and supersublimated to insist that it would be most demoralizing to public sentiment, or that any practical harm could result. This inevitable demoralization, however, is already shown in the manner in which the protest is treated. It is decried as contemptible by those whose attention and anxiety discredit their own words. It is, of course, assailed as desertion and treachery, as if American citizens by individually making use of a political agency called a party had lost the moral right of deciding for themselves whether that agency would be still serviceable for them. The sole effective answer against the protest, namely, disproof of the facts upon which it rests, is not attempted.

What kind of an answer is it to specific charges against a public man that "the people have passed upon them, and have triumphantly acquitted him"? What is the explanation which is alleged to have satisfied them? We have pressed the question upon the most enthusiastic supporters of the Republican candidate, and their reply has always been that the thing had been disposed of a hundred times—although they do not say how—and that just as bad things could be shown against every other public man. This is a most astonishing and, as we believe, most unfounded calumny against American public men. But if it were true, if our public life had so deteriorated that we must expect every public man to be trafficking in his place for his own personal profit, could any conceivable issue be so pressingly important as that of emphatically arresting such a tendency by the defeat of candidates who especially represent it? Then there is the other reply, that even if everything be true, it is of no importance compared with the election of a Republican President. Such a remark is the most striking illustration of the demoralization of which we speak. Suppose that Dorsey were nominated, the argument for supporting him would be just as valid. "Dorsey," it would be said, "may not average quite up to the ordinary Republican standard. There are some difficult and disagreeable points in his record, and his nomination is a pity. But he is the candidate, and all good Republicans will stand by the party." The same argument would be equally cogent when even a lower standard than that of Dorsey was offered.

In other words, the argument is simply this, that every man who has generally supported Republican nominations because of his general preference of the Republican party, ought to support Republican nominations whatever they may be. Party folly could not go farther. There were Republicans who declined to sustain the second nomination of General Grant because, with Sumner, they feared the character and tendencies of his administration. There were other Republicans who were repelled by the whiskey ring frauds and other disclosures, and who could not vote for Mr. Hayes, who was personally unobjectionable, even to elect a Republican President. There were still others who would not have supported a third term in 1880, although its defeat would have involved that of the Republican candidate. So now there are old and hitherto strong and steadfast Republicans who can not support the nomination of Mr. Blaine because of his public character and the familiar record. These facts show that there are plenty of Republicans who do not feel any obligation of any kind to support bad Republican nominations because they have supported good ones. They see that to insist upon support of the regular candidate, without regard to his character or career, for the reason that to oppose him would endanger the party, is to hold either that the party can never nominate an unfit candidate, or that however unfit a candidate may be, and whatever light his nomination may throw upon the party, nobody who has ever voted with the party would be justified in voting against him. This is a doctrine which no self-respecting man and no intelligent Republican can hold; and the Republican protest of this year will have been most serviceable if it should do no more than show more clearly than ever, what this journal has always maintained, that the first duty of a citizen is not to a party, but to his own conscience.

THE STATE AND CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

The Civil Service Reform Association of New York has issued a timely and admirable little circular, or "leaflet," showing what results have been accomplished in New York during the last year, and what may be done elsewhere. No national legislation has been added to the reform bill, but the national Commission has been faithfully at work, and the House Committee on Reform in the Civil Service has just unanimously expressed itself "satisfied with the thorough, conscientious, and non-partisan work" of the Commission, and the committee warmly commends the principle as well as the practice of the reform.

The circular summarizes the civil service laws of New York as follows, regarding them as almost complete. In the State: (1.) The State Commission classifies the service, prescribes the rules, and presides over the examinations. It is empowered to inquire into the nature, tenure, and salary of all offices, to subpœna witnesses and order the production of books and papers, and to recommend any needed legislation. (2.) All admissions to the State service are through the competitive system, with the exception of elected officers, those confirmed by the Senate, and laborers, and of fifty-two special cases added by the Commission for reasons ample and fully stated.

In the city service: (1.) The law applies to every incorporated city in the State. Of these there are twenty-three, viz., Albany, Auburn, Binghamton, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Cohoes, Elmira, Kingston, Lockport, Long Island City, Newburg, New York, Ogdensburg, Oswego, Poughkeepsie, Rochester, Rome, Schenectady, Syracuse, Troy, Utica, Watertown, and Yonkers. (2.) The Mayor of each is required to carry out the reformed system. (3.) Admissions to the city service are through the competitive system, the only exceptions being elected officers, subordinates to superiors financially responsible for them, officers in charge of and accountable for public moneys, those in the educational department, and (possibly) election officers. (4.) The rules or changes promulgated by any Mayor are subjected to the approval of the State Commission.

There are certain general provisions affecting both the State and the city service, as follows: (1.) No recommendation or certificate, except as to character or residence, can be received from any member of the Legislature, officer confirmed by the Senate, or judge. (2.) All assessments and solicitations of every kind are prohibited. (3.) Political opinions or affiliations may not be inquired into. (4.) Officials and candidates for office are forbidden to use or promise influence toward securing office as a reward for votes or influence. This, as well as the use of threats, is defined and punished as "bribery." (5.) Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors are preferred over other competitors of equal merit.

Thus, in the State where the abuses of patronage have been most flagrant, a thorough reformed system has been first introduced, and with signal success. This success is due in a great degree to the hearty sympathy of Governor Cleveland, who appointed an admirable Commission, with which he has constantly co-operated, listening to its suggestions, and recommending to the Legislature or enforcing such of them as he approved. The immense and difficult work of organization in detail has been the task of the Chief Examiner, Mr. S. W. Burt, whose services have been invaluable in the practical beginning of the reformed system. The perplexing and novel duty of applying the reformed system in the city of New York has fallen to the Examining Board appointed by Mayor Edson, which has shown the same spirit that has animated the Governor and the Commission, while the Mayors of Brooklyn and of Buffalo have been active and most efficient coadjutors. The friends of reform have every reason to rejoice that it has begun in New York under conditions so singularly auspicious; and, as the circular truly says, what has been done in a State where the difficulties have been peculiarly great, can certainly be accomplished in States more favorably situated.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

A conference committee has been appointed upon the Electoral Count Bill, and we trust that the matter, which is of the highest importance, will be satisfactorily adjusted. The Senate bill has been carefully considered at two sessions, and it has been unanimously adopted. Republicans and Democrats concur in its constitutional and equitable provisions. The House bill is a mischievous partisan measure. Its theory is plainly not that of the Constitution, and it would invite the very troubles which such a bill ought to remove.

The Senate bill leaves to every State the settlement of any controversy in the State over the vote for electors, and it provides that no electoral vote from any State which transmits but one certificate to the Vice-President shall be rejected without the consent of both Houses. If there be a question as to which of two State tribunals is the lawful one, no return shall be received from that State except by the concurrent vote of both Houses. And upon every question proposed the Houses are to separate for consultation, and upon re-assembling they are to vote as distinct bodies. This is all in strict harmony with the plain intent of the Constitution and with the practice under it. The House bill, on the other hand, provides that the two Houses as a joint assembly shall decide every question by a majority vote. This annuls the distinct action of the two Houses, and gives the control to the party which has a majority in the joint convention. It deprives the States of their constitutional rights, and it encourages dangerous disputes, in order practically to confide the election to the partisan majority of the joint assembly.

This plan is the mere device of a partisan eager to benefit his party. It disregards the Constitution and the public welfare. Of course it is impossible that the Senate should agree to such a loose and dangerous scheme; and should the House insist, against the deliberate judgment of the Democratic Senators, it must take the responsibility of the defeat of one of the most pressingly important measures now before the country—a measure absolutely unpartisan, and passed by the unanimous consent of both parties in the Senate.

MR. GLADSTONE'S POSITION.

The vote upon confidence in the Gladstone administration, which it was supposed would be urged at the beginning of the sessions of the Conference, has been delayed, if not practically defeated, by a motion of Mr. Gladstone himself to allow it to take precedence of all other business. His motion was defeated by a vote of 190 to 148, and as the adverse vote was increased by Mr. Gladstone's and that of members of the government and their immediate friends, the prospect is so unpromising for a strong opposition that it is very possible that the matter will rest.

It is tolerably clear that this Parliament will not censure Mr. Gladstone. It may not approve his Egyptian policy in all its scope, and it may indeed disapprove certain measures and incidents. But the personal confidence which he inspires, and the want of similar confidence in any leader of the opposition, and the want, also, of any definite plan more acceptable to public opinion, make the position of the Prime Minister and of the ministry, for the present, secure.

Undoubtedly it is the personal character of Mr. Gladstone, the national confidence in his integrity, and the patriotism and purity of his official conduct and public aims and methods which maintain him so unshaken amid all the storms of opinion and feeling. His position is a signal illustration of the power of personal character in public life. It is one of the un-

seen forces whose efficiency is derided, and sometimes even furiously denied, but which is as sure as the control of the moon over the tides. It is the want of this character which often vanquishes a man's utmost cleverness in politics. Indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE's unrivalled intellectual and political ability alone could not have secured the steady support which he has received during his stormy administration. That has come, we repeat, from profound trust in the integrity of his personal and official character. The revelation of any defect in that integrity, the disclosure that in any way whatever his political or official position had been used by him to promote his personal advantage, would be regarded in England and wherever he is known as a public calamity, and it would instantly close his public career.

SIGNS AND STRAWS.

THE alleged understanding between General BUTLER and JOHN KELLY should be considered in connection with the frequent remark of the particular friends of Mr. BLAINE in New York, that the Democrats will supply any loss in the Republican vote two to one. There is probably no doubt upon the part of any well-informed man that both General BUTLER and JOHN KELLY would very much prefer the success of Mr. BLAINE to that of Governor CLEVELAND, or of any similar Democratic candidate; nor does any such man in New York probably doubt that if a Democratic candidate of the CLEVELAND type should be nominated—that is, a courageous, sturdy, independent man with strong reform convictions and a positive reform record—there would be deals and bargains between Democrats like BUTLER and KELLY and Republicans of the same school for the defeat of such a candidate.

The reason of the preference of the BUTLER and KELLY politicians for Mr. BLAINE is the reason of a strong Republican opposition to him. It is understood in Massachusetts that a part of last year's BUTLER vote for Governor will be probably cast for Mr. BLAINE as President. The appeal to the "Irish vote" has begun. But all the activity and all the cries are not of a kind to diminish the Republican protest. What feeling attracts leading Democrats toward the Republican candidate? Why does JOHN KELLY insist upon the inability of Governor CLEVELAND to carry New York? Last year most of the Democratic State officers were elected upon a strict party contest. This year Governor CLEVELAND would have the accession of a large independent vote. What equal Democratic defection would there be, and why? Whatever that defection might be, it would be due entirely to the honest and brave conduct of the Governor in withstanding the demagogues of his party, and good citizens would naturally prefer a candidate as best for the country whom such gentry would sell out.

The friendly regard of Messrs. BUTLER and KELLY would not strengthen any candidate in the minds of voters who see that the issues in this election are mainly those of honest, economical, and clean administration. It would have the good effect, however, of showing more plainly the real character of the contest, and of inducing many reluctant voters to pause still further and move surely. The Democratic nomination may—or may not—define still more precisely the issue which the Republican nomination has raised. If the Convention should be wise, it would present a simple alternative to the country which, in the present state of the public mind, could not be obscured.

"THE REMNANT."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD's doctrine of "the remnant" was not received with much favor in this country, because we are bred in profound respect for the majority. But the true value of the doctrine lies in the fact that the remnant determines the majority. In the State of New York, for instance, where there are more than one million of voters, the voters are so equally divided that a few thousands of votes will give the victory to one side or the other. In 1880 the whole popular vote in the country for President was 4,442,950 for GARFIELD and 4,442,035 for HANCOCK, and for all others 319,443. The States were equally divided, nineteen for each. But GARFIELD had 214 electoral votes, and HANCOCK 155. In New York GARFIELD's plurality over HANCOCK was 21,033, and his actual majority over all was 6483. Had GARFIELD lost the vote of New York, he would have been defeated.

These figures show how small "a remnant" may decide a Presidential election. The vote of New York is closely divided, and it is singularly fluctuating. In 1868 the Democratic majority was 10,000. In 1872 the Republican majority was about 50,000. In 1874 the Democratic majority in the State election was about the same. In 1876 the Democratic majority was more than 26,000. In 1878, at the State election, the Republicans had nearly 35,000 majority over the Democrats, and in 1880 about 21,000. In 1882 the Democrats, in the State election, had nearly 200,000 majority, and in 1883 a plurality of 15,000 to 18,000, except upon one candidate. What may be called the normal majority in the State, one way or the other, is about 20,000. This is made up of the independent vote, which, in a State so large and of so mixed a population, is naturally very great. Party organization and discipline are nowhere more absolute and thorough than in New York, but the number of voters who disdain party allegiance when it conflicts with moral conviction is a host.

The number of independent voters is of course largely increased when an election does not represent a definite policy upon imminent and commanding issues, but when personal considerations and the spirit and methods of administration must play a chief part. As we write, it is too early to see what course "the remnant" in New York will probably pursue. One thing, however, is clear—it will not vote for a candidate whom it believes to be unworthy.

PLEASE OMIT SAND.

IT is a comical comfort which some ardent persons evidently take in calling those who insist upon clean and honest politics Pharisees. They are like grocers who, upon being invited not to sand the sugar, should reply that they didn't wish to deal with such confounded holier-than-thou customers, or milkmen who should reply to a summons not to scant the measure, that to demand an honest quart of milk is to insist upon an ideal perfection quite beyond human attainment.

Yet to ask that the grocer shall not sand the sugar, and that the milkman shall give fair measure, and that the car conductor shall return the right change, is no more to insist upon a nonsensical, sentimental, and "ideal" perfection and purity than to ask that candidates for the highest and most honorable offices shall be of a clear and clean record. It is those who present such candidates, not those who decline to sustain them, who assume the responsibility of defeat.

The Boston *Herald* says, truly:

"It is wearisome to be obliged to repeat that parties exist as means, not as ends—as instruments to work with, not as the final result. With the professional party follower, everything that succeeds is success. With the citizen whose only interest in parties is to secure decent politics and good government, much that succeeds is worse than a failure. His interest in party success is to secure a reduction of burdensome and unnecessary taxes upon the necessities of the people, to extend and perfect the reform in the civil service, to maintain an honest and stable currency, and to continue the safe, traditional policy of minding our own business, and avoiding either entangling alliances or officious intermeddling in the affairs of other nations. Neither BLAINE nor LOGAN represents the views and wishes of a large body of Republicans and independent voters upon these and other important questions. Why should any man vote the way he does not think, if a better alternative is offered to him? Should not an honest man's vote represent a principle rather than a prejudice, and conviction rather than cowardice?"

THE TRUE WAY.

THE Greenfield *Gazette and Courier*, one of the leading papers in western Massachusetts, says, very sensibly:

"It will be found that the effective way to win over the Republicans opposed to Mr. BLAINE is to show that as a matter of fact there are no spots on his record, and no reason to believe that he is an enemy to reform of the civil service and a reduction of the burden of taxation; that he has in the main showed himself a safe leader, a calm and careful student of our foreign relations, a man not apt to stir up strife for the sake of a sensation, a man who has no faith in the scheme to continue to collect heavy taxes and distribute the surplus among the States."

That seems to be about all that is necessary.

FORTY-NINE TO TWENTY-SIX.

IT is a very significant fact that in the First Ward Republican Association of Brooklyn a resolution approving the Chicago nominations, which might be supposed to pass as a matter of course in such an association, was adopted by a vote of 49 to 26. This is the regular Republican association in one of the wealthiest and most intelligent wards of the city, and the incident shows the depth and the strength of feeling against the Chicago action among the most earnest and intelligent Republicans, who have no personal ends to serve, but who have always been Republicans because they held the party to be what its opponents taunted it with being, a party of moral ideas. They evidently do not believe that morality can be safely divorced from politics, nor political cleverness take the place of political principle.

AN INFAMOUS LAW.

THE *Woman's Journal* says that "several years ago a citizen of Washington, who happened to be poor, married a young lady who had great wealth. They had but one child, who died. The husband had entire control of his wife's property, and managed it wisely. At his death, not long ago, it was discovered that nearly the entire estate stood in his name, and as there was no will, his relatives got the most of it. The widow, who was worth $200,000 or $300,000 when she married, is now comparatively poor, and her late husband's relatives, who had nothing, are comparatively rich. Even the house in which her father lived, and which was her own when she married, went to them under an odious and wicked law which provides that a woman in the District of Columbia has no right of dower in property that is incumbered."

If this story be true, it shows what outrages are committed in the name of law, and if women had been legislators, and had passed such a law, it would be cited as conclusive evidence of their total incapacity to deal wisely with the most important interests, and of their proclivity to tyranny and injustice.

It is a generation since Mr. GLADSTONE described the English divorce laws, devised by men, as infamous. Such a law as that mentioned in the *Woman's Journal*, which enables a husband, even unconsciously, to deprive his wife of her property and transfer it to his relatives, is worthy of the same epithet. It is infamous. It would be interesting to know what kind of people they are who can enjoy without wincing the booty which such a law gives to them.

PERSONAL.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has been trying to prove that man owes a great debt to insects, in that without them the whole presence of color in nature, otherwise than green, would be wanting. This color, he claims, is due to æsthetic selection on the part of the insect tribes for innumerable generations. It is the bee and the butterfly that have given us the gorgeous orchids and massive creepers of the tropics, the gentians and rhododendrons of the Alps, the camellias and heathers, and the primroses.

—One of the late CHARLES READE's friends speaks of him as impetuous, generous, hot-headed, strong as adamant in his resistance to any attempt at coercion, yet gentle and almost child-like in his pleased submission to persuasion; in his friendships and his hatreds, in his convictions and his prejudices, and in the superb vitality of his nature, a man of the Elizabethan epoch.

—An Eastern traveller is not sure that elephant-riding ever becomes altogether a pleasure, but its discomforts vary greatly with the individual animal, one trudging smoothly along, another jolting hatefully. He rode his beast "quite in the rough," with only a pad as a saddle.

—Wells along the highways of India are favorite places of suicide for Hindoo women. One of these poor creatures recently, after great effort, was fished out alive, and promised immunity from punishment if she would tell the name of her would-be murderer. She replied promptly that she had done the deed herself, and on being further questioned gave as the reason that her husband had declared she could not cook his food properly, "and did the sahib think that any woman could survive such an insult?"

—The variety of authors is a fact not much disputed, but a literary editor who has had dealings with many of them tells a story of a young lady contributor to his periodical, whose father, after her death, wrote to him in utter ignorance that his daughter was an author. "The considerable sums," he said, "which she seemed to have at command for charitable purposes had for some time astonished us; but her disposition was as reticent as it was benevolent, and she never let us into her harmless secret."

—A visitor to the city of Edinburgh recalls the fact that a beggar stood on the old bridge for ten years with a placard on his breast bearing the inscription, "Blind from my birth—I have seen better days," and no one ever seemed to perceive that it was a contradiction in terms.

—The silk sash or girdle which Japanese women wear is long enough to be wound twice around their waists and be tied into a huge bow. It often costs twelve dollars, and a Japanese girl estimates the wealth of any other girl she may see in the streets by the quality of her girdle, and the number and value of her hairpins.

—The German Theatre in Berlin is modelled after the Comédie Française in Paris, and devotes itself to representations of the classic drama. Recently its rank has been much elevated by the simultaneous presence of such actors as BARNAY, HAASE, and FRIEDMAN, who have united their efforts in order to make the theatre, what it has never yet been, a worthy rival of the theatres of Munich, Vienna, and Dresden. Its managers are confident that Berlin will soon lead all the German cities in dramatic excellence.

—A recent critic of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's theology declares that it is inadequate to the case of the skeptical working-man who has parted with his belief in heaven, not because heaven is too materialistic, for nothing can be more materialistic than the miseries from which it would be a refuge, but because he has learned on general grounds to disbelieve in its existence. There is nothing to prevent him from making for the shipping office when he thinks of booking his passage to his preferred colony, except the voice of Mr. ARNOLD exclaiming: "To righteousness belongs happiness. Try it; you *can* try it; you will find it *is* so." But to this the working-man replies: "I know I can. I have tried it; and I find it is not so. I have been righteous for thirty years, and I never had a stroke of luck in my life until to-day, when I happened to find a roll of one-hundred-dollar notes." Mr. ARNOLD's theology is essentially one for the cultivated and comfortable, and this is its weakness.

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER laments that there is no getting people to accept the truth—which, nevertheless, is conspicuous enough—that the welfare of society and the justness of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members, and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

—Candidates for the priesthood in France will not be exempt from serving the usual three years as soldiers, the French Chamber of Deputies having refused to make an exception in their case, although a strong influence had been brought to bear upon the members.

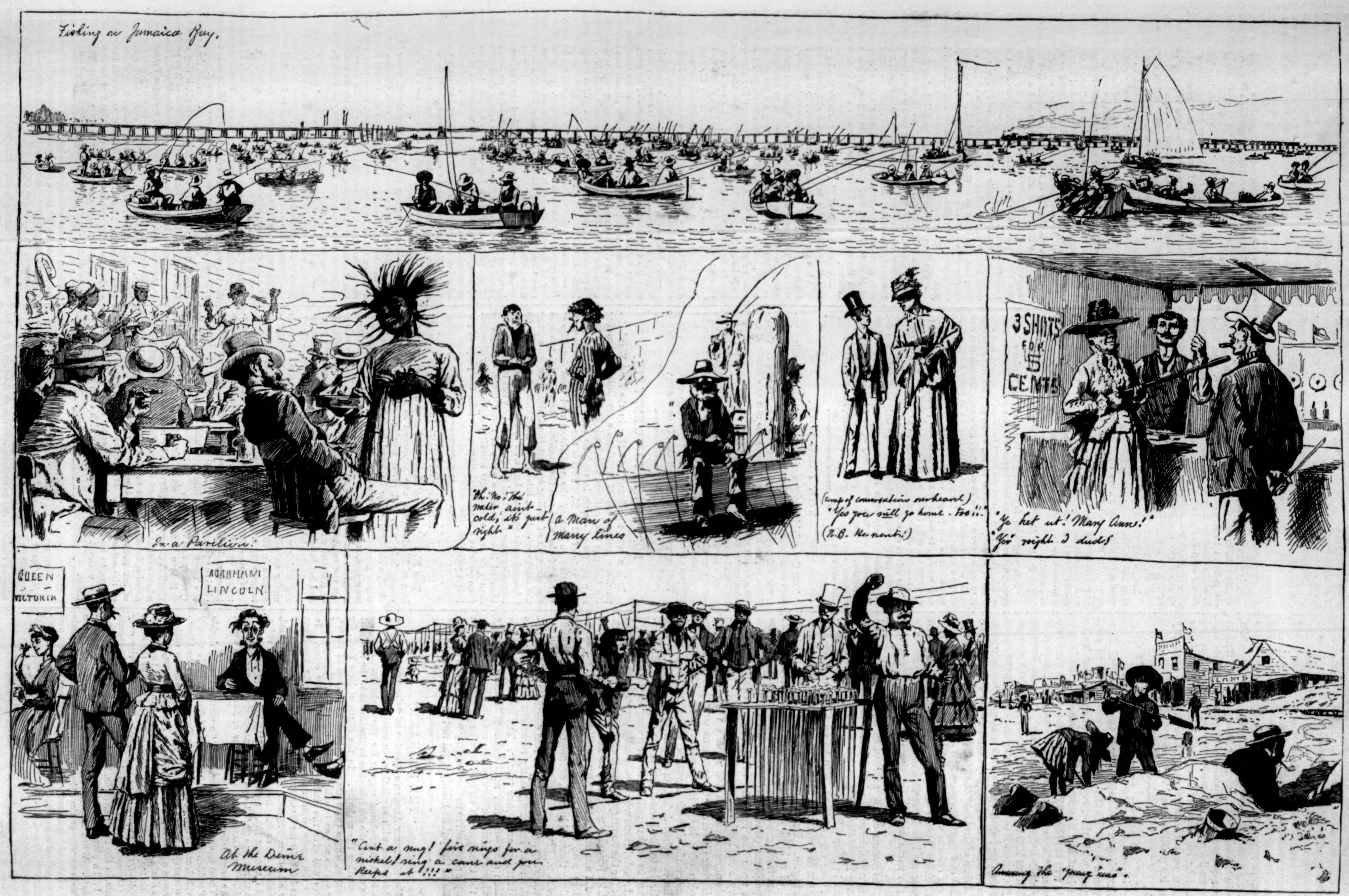
—Referring to Mr. IRVING's published *Impressions* of subjects "on which his opinion is quite as valuable as Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg," the *Spectator* recalls the famous actors of the past, and finds it impossible to imagine GARRICK, PHILIP KEMBLE, or EDMUND KEAN posing for arbiters of taste, gravely pronouncing on international politics, or seriously disclaiming an intention of going into Parliament. They had their vanity and their follies, and so had the society whose professional amusers they were; but the pose of the contemporaneous actor was not within the attainment, and would not have been to the taste, of those great players.

—A Berlin newspaper announces that the Emperor WILLIAM was afraid to make his usual annual visit to Wiesbaden this year, because the police had been warned from the United States that a woman with a deep sonorous voice would come over with four mysterious trunks, and attempt to make herself famous at that watering-place. The inference was that the trunks would contain dynamite. Such a woman did land recently at Bremen, and was immediately arrested.

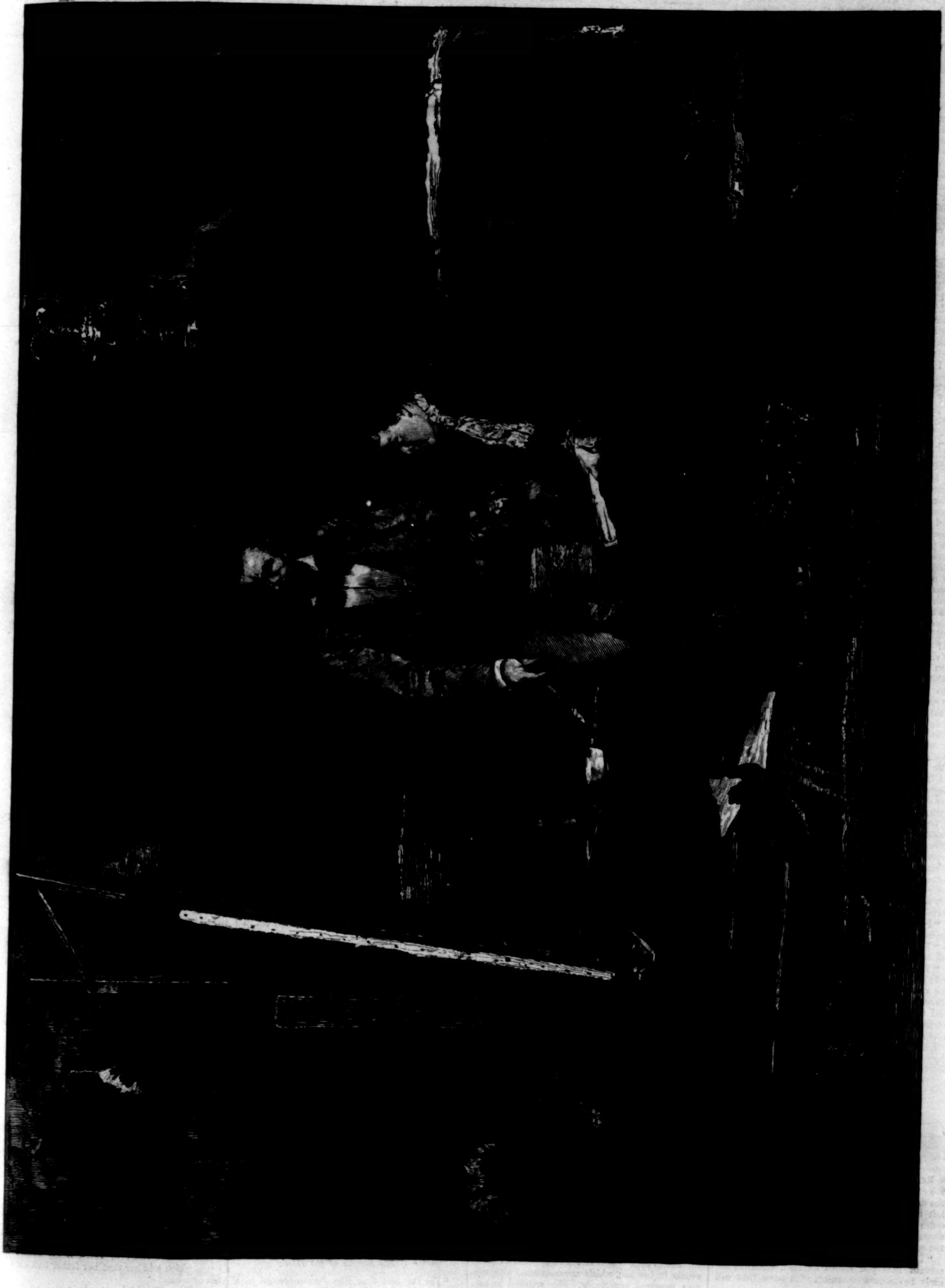
—The Empress of Austria, who has suffered much from rheumatism, went recently to Amsterdam, and was cured by a Dutch physician. The treatment was massage.

—Probably no historical event was ever so fully and so faithfully illustrated as was the American civil war in HARPER'S WEEKLY. As the plates of the WEEKLY have been destroyed, the only work in which these illustrations are now perpetuated is *Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion*, for sale only by MCDONNELL BROTHERS, 113 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Wholly apart from the value of the illustrations, this history of the war is the most authentic and the most complete that has appeared.

—The art of cooking, observes a current writer, does not advance. The natural way for a civilized people, if they cared for nice food, would be to intrust the preparation of it to professionals, who would learn their trade by apprenticeship, and incessantly improve; but, except in Tuscany and southern France, this is hardly done anywhere, though it ought to be the easiest of arrangements. Man does not, as a rule, know even what is good for his health, and shortens his life with half-cooked flour, which is deadly to the old, or kills off his children in heaps with half-swelled grain, though he sees in the latter case that they are distended to a degree which in his animals would seem to him dangerous or distressing. The multitude everywhere care little what they eat, so that they be but filled. If they only knew, as doctors and missionaries and barrack sergeants could tell them, what food could be made to do for them, they would very soon alter their tone, and be clamorous for knowledge. It is the gain to be obtained from good food, not the enjoyment to be expected from it, which will ultimately attract the millions. It can only be got by direct teaching, for cooking is one of the arts in which knowledge does not filter down.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 447.]



MUNKACSY IN HIS STUDIO.—From the Artist's own Picture.—[See Page 447.]

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE CLINK.

CHAPTER LXIII.

ON THE WAY TO LONDON.

THE parting words had been spoken. Emily and her companion were on their way to London.

For some little time they travelled in silence—alone in the railway carriage. After submitting as long as she could to lay an embargo on the use of her tongue, Mrs. Ellmother started the conversation by means of a question: "Do you think Mr. Mirabel will get over it, miss?"

"It's useless to ask me," Emily said. "Even the great man from Edinburgh is not able to decide yet whether he will recover or not."

"You have taken me into your confidence, Miss Emily, as you promised, and I have got something on my mind in consequence. May I mention it without giving offense?"

"What is it?"

"I wish you had never taken up with Mr. Mirabel."

Emily was silent. Mrs. Ellmother, having a design of her own to accomplish, ventured to speak more plainly. "I often think of Mr. Alban Morris," she proceeded. "I always did like him, and I always shall!"

Emily suddenly pulled down her veil. "Don't speak of him!" she said.

"I didn't mean to offend you, Miss."

"You don't offend me. You distress me. Oh, how often I have wished—" She threw herself back in a corner of the carriage, and said no more.

Although not remarkable for the possession of delicate tact, Mrs. Ellmother discovered that the best course she could now follow was a course of silence.

Even at the time when she had most implicitly trusted Mirabel, the fear that she might have acted hastily and harshly toward Alban had occasionally troubled Emily's mind. The impression produced by later events had not only intensified this feeling, but had presented the motives of that true friend under an entirely new point of view. If she had been left in ignorance of the manner of her father's death—as Alban had designed to leave her; as she would have been left but for the treachery of Francine—how happily free she would have been from thoughts which it was now a terror to her to recall! She would have parted from Mirabel when the visit to the pleasant country house had come to an end, remembering him as an amusing acquaintance, and nothing more. He would have been spared, and she would have been spared, the shock that had so cruelly assailed them both. What had she gained by Mrs. Rook's detestable confession? The result had been perpetual disturbance of mind, provoked by self-torturing speculations on the subject of the murder. If Mirabel was innocent, who was guilty?—the false wife, without pity and without shame, or the brutal husband, who looked capable of any enormity? What was her future to be? how was it all to end? In the despair of that bitter moment, seeing her devoted old servant looking at her with kind, compassionate eyes, Emily's troubled spirit sought refuge in impetuous self-betrayal—the very betrayal which she had positively resolved should not escape her hardly a minute since.

She bent forward out of her corner and suddenly drew up her veil. "Do you expect to see Mr. Alban Morris when we get back?" she asked.

"I should like to see him, miss, if you have no objection."

"Tell him I am ashamed of myself, and say I ask his pardon with all my heart!"

"The Lord be praised!" Mrs. Ellmother burst out; and then, when it was too late, remembered the conventional restraints appropriate to the occasion. "Gracious, what a fool I am!" she said to herself. "Beautiful weather, Miss Emily, isn't it?" she continued, in a desperate hurry to change the subject.

Emily reclined again in her corner of the carriage. She smiled for the first time since she had become Mrs. Delvin's guest at the Tower.

BOOK THE LAST.

AT HOME AGAIN.

CHAPTER LXIV.

MISS JETHRO SPEAKS.

REACHING the cottage at night, Emily found the cards of two visitors, who had called during the day, waiting for her. One of them had been left by Doctor Allday, who merely desired to inquire after her health; the other card bore the name of "Miss Wyvil," and had a message written on it which strongly excited Emily's curiosity.

"I have seen the telegram which tells your servant that you return to-night. Expect me early to-morrow morning, with news that will deeply interest you."

To what news did Cecilia allude? Emily questioned the woman who had been left in charge at the cottage, and found that she had next to nothing to tell. Miss Wyvil had flushed up and had looked excited when she read the telegram—that was all. Emily's impatience was, as usual, not to be concealed. Expert Mrs. Ellmother treated the case in the right way: first with supper, and then with an adjournment to bed. The clock struck twelve when she put out the young mistress's candle. "Ten hours to pass before Cecilia comes here!" Emily exclaimed. "Not ten minutes, my dear," Mrs. Ellmother reminded her, "if you will only go to sleep."

Cecilia arrived before the breakfast table was cleared, as lovely, as gentle, as affectionate as ever, but looking unusually serious and subdued. "Out with it at once!" Emily cried. "What have you got to tell me?"

"Perhaps I had better tell you first," Cecilia said, "that I know what you kept from me when I came here, after you left us at Monksmoor. Don't think, my dear, that I say this by way of complaint. Mr. Alban Morris believes you had good reasons for not taking me into your confidence."

"Mr. Alban Morris! Did you get your information from *him?*"

"Yes. Do I surprise you?"

"More than words can tell!"

"Can you bear another surprise? Oh, Emily, Mr. Morris is the kindest, dearest, noblest of mortal creatures; and, to make him completely perfect, he doesn't in the least know it himself."

"What has he done?" Emily asked, a little sharply.

"You shall hear, my dear, in his own words. He has 'solved the mystery at Zeeland.'" Cecilia put her pretty hand into the pocket of her cloak. "Wait a little," she said.

"I won't wait a moment! Has he discovered Miss Jethro?"

"He has indeed. And, what is more—don't, pray don't excite yourself!—he has discovered that Mr. Mirabel has been wrongly suspected of a dreadful crime. Our amiable little clergyman is guilty of being a coward—and guilty of nothing else. Are you really quiet enough to read about it?"

She handed to Emily some leaves of paper filled with writing, in Alban's hand. "Where is he?" Emily asked. "What does this mean?"

Cecilia explained. "It's Mr. Morris's own account of all that passed between Miss Jethro and himself."

"But how do *you* come by it?"

"Mr. Morris gave it to me. He said, 'Show it to Emily as soon as possible, and take care to be with her while she reads it.'"

Emily looked nervously at the manuscript in her hand. "Why doesn't he tell me himself what he has discovered? Is he"—the leaves began to flutter in her trembling fingers—"is he angry with me?"

"Oh, Emily, angry with you? My dear love, read what he has written, and then you shall know why he keeps away."

Emily opened the manuscript, and found it thus written:

"*My Interview with Miss Jethro.*
"1. *She Receives Me.*

"The information which I have obtained from Miss Jethro has been communicated to me on the condition that I shall not disclose the place of her present residence. 'I desire to pass out of notice as completely as if I had passed out of life; I wish to be forgotten by some, and to be unknown by others.' With this one stipulation she left me free to write the present narrative of what took place at the interview between us—if I felt that the discoveries which I had made were too important to the persons interested to be trusted to memory.

"Finding Miss Jethro's place of abode with far less difficulty than I had anticipated (thanks to favoring circumstances), I stated plainly the object of my visit. She declined to enter into conversation with me on the subject of the murder at Zeeland.

"I was prepared to meet with this rebuff, and to take the necessary means for obtaining a more satisfactory reception. 'A person is suspected of committing the murder,' I said; 'and there is reason to believe that you are in a position to say whether the suspicion is justified or not. Do you refuse to answer me if I put the question?'

"Miss Jethro asked who the person was.

"I mentioned the name—Mr. Miles Mirabel.

"It is not necessary, and it would certainly be not agreeable to me, to describe the effect which this reply produced on Miss Jethro. After giving her time to compose herself, I entered into certain explanations in order to convince her, at the outset, of my good faith. The result justified my anticipations. I was at once admitted to her confidence.

"She said: 'I must not hesitate to do an act of justice to an innocent man; but in such a serious matter as this you have a right to judge for yourself whether the person who is now speaking to you is a person whom you can trust. You may believe that I tell the truth about others, if I begin—whatever it may cost me—in telling the truth about myself.'

"2. *She Speaks of Herself.*

"I shall not attempt to place on record the confession of a most unhappy woman. It was the common story of sin bitterly repented, and of vain effort to recover the lost place in social esteem—too well known a story, surely, to be told again.

"But I may, with perfect propriety, repeat what Miss Jethro said to me in allusion to later events in her life, which are connected with my own personal experience. She recalled to my memory a visit which she paid to me at Netherwoods, and a letter addressed to her by Doctor Allday, which I had read at her express request.

"She said: 'You may remember that the letter contained some severe reflections on my conduct. Among other things, the Doctor mentions that he called at the lodgings I occupied during my visit to London, and found I had taken to flight; also, that he had reason to believe I had entered Miss Ladd's service under false pretenses.'

"I asked if the Doctor had wronged her.

"She answered: 'No. In one case he is ignorant; in the other he is right. On leaving his house I found myself followed in the street by the man to whom I owe the shame and misery of my past life. My horror of him is not to be described in words. The one way of escaping him was offered by an empty cab that passed me. I reached the railway station safely, and went back to my home in the country. Do you blame me?' It was impossible to blame her, and I said so.

"She then confessed the deception which she had practiced on Miss Ladd. 'I have a cousin,' she said, 'who was a Miss Jethro, like me. Before her marriage she had been employed as a governess. She pitied me; she sympathized with my longing to recover the character that I had lost. With her permission I made use of the testimonials which she had earned as a teacher—I was betrayed (to this day I don't know by whom)—and I was dismissed from Netherwoods. Now you know that I deceived Miss Ladd, you may reasonably conclude that I am likely to deceive you.'

"I assured her, with perfect sincerity, that I had drawn no such conclusion. Miss Jethro proceeded as follows:

"3. *She Speaks of Mirabel.*

"'Four years ago I was living near Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in a cottage which had been taken for me by a gentleman who was the owner of a yacht. We had just returned from a short cruise, and the vessel was under orders to sail for Cherbourg with the next tide.

"'While I was walking in my garden, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a man (evidently a gentleman) who was a perfect stranger to me. He was in a pitiable state of terror, and he implored my protection. In reply to my first inquiries, he mentioned the inn at Zeeland, and the dreadful death of a person unknown to him, whom I recognized (partly by the description given, and partly by comparison of dates) as Mr. James Brown. I shall say nothing of the shock inflicted on me; you don't want to know what I felt. What I did was to hide the fugitive from discovery, and to exert my influence with the owner of the yacht. Mr. Mirabel was put on board that night, and was safely landed at Cherbourg.'

"I asked what induced her to take this extraordinary interest in the fortunes of a stranger who was under suspicion of having committed a murder.

"She said: 'You shall hear my explanation directly. Let me have done with Mr. Mirabel first. We occasionally corresponded during his long absence on the Continent. In this way I knew that he had been in the wilds of Brittany when the newspaper reports of the inquest at Zeeland appeared, and that he congratulated himself on this circumstance, because he had no wish to be reminded of an event which it was the one effort of his life to forget. His last letter reached me after he had established himself at Vale Regis. Writing of the society in the neighborhood, he informed me of his introduction to Miss Wyvil, and of the invitation that he had received to meet her friend and school-fellow at Monksmoor. I knew that Miss Emily possessed a handbill describing personal peculiarities in Mr. Mirabel, not hidden under the changed appearance of his head and face. If she remembered, or happened to refer to, that description while she was living in the same house with him, there was a possibility, at least, of her suspicion being excited. The fear of this took me to you. It was a morbid fear, and, as events turned out, an unfounded fear; but I was unable to control it. Failing to produce any effect on you, I went to Vale Regis, and tried (vainly again) to induce Mr. Mirabel to send an excuse to Monksmoor. He, like you, wanted to know what my motive was. When I tell you that I acted solely in Miss Emily's interests, need I say why I was afraid to acknowledge my motive?'

"I thought of a memorable conversation between Dr. Allday and myself, of which Miss Jethro was ignorant. The Doctor had said, 'That ex-teacher at the school knows how the late Mr. Brown died, and how his daughter has been deceived about it.'

"Remembering this, I understood that Miss Jethro might well be afraid of the consequences if she risked any allusion to Mr. Brown's horrible death (knowing that it had been kept a secret from his daughter), and if it afterward chanced to reach Emily's ears. But this state of feeling implied an extraordinary interest in the preservation of Emily's peace of mind. I asked Miss Jethro how that interest had been excited.

"She answered: 'I can only satisfy you in one way; I must speak of her father now.'"

Emily looked up from the manuscript. She felt Cecilia's arm tenderly caressing her; she heard Cecilia say, "My darling, there is one last trial of your courage still to come. I am afraid of what you are going to read when you turn to the next page. And yet—"

"And yet," Emily replied, gently, "it must be done. I have learned my hard lesson of endurance, Cecilia; don't be afraid."

Emily turned to the next page.

"4. *She Speaks of the Dead.*

"For the first time Miss Jethro seemed at a loss how to proceed. I could see that she was suffering. It was distressing to witness the effort that she made to control herself. She rose, and opening the drawer in her writing-table, took a letter from it.

"She said: 'Will you read this? It was written by Miss Emily's father. Perhaps it may say more for me than I can say for myself.'

"I copy the letter. It was thus expressed:

"'You have declared that our farewell to-day is our farewell forever. For the second time you have refused to be my wife; and you have done this, to use your own words, in mercy to me.

"'In mercy to me I implore you to reconsider your decision. If you condemn me to live without you—I feel it, I know it—you condemn me to despair, which I have not fortitude enough to endure. Look at the passages which I have marked for you in the New Testament. Again and again I say it—your true repentance has made you worthy of the pardon of God; are you not worthy of the love, admiration, and respect of man? Think! Oh, Sara, think of what our lives might be, and let them be lives united for time and for eternity!

"'I can write no more. A dreadful faintness oppresses me. My mind is in a state unknown to me in past years. I am in such confusion I sometimes think I hate you. And then I recover from my delusion, and know that man never loved woman as I love you.

"'You will have time to write to me by this evening's post. I shall stop at Zeeland to-morrow, on my way back, and ask for a letter at the post-office. I forbid explanations and excuses; I forbid heartless allusions to your duty. Let me have an answer which does not keep me a moment in suspense.

"'For the last time I ask you: do you consent to be my wife? Say Yes—or say No.'

"I gave her back the letter. It was needless to ask what the reply had been, except for the purpose of testifying my interest in the letter which she had permitted me to read. I put the question:

"'You said No?'

"She bent her head in silence.

"I went on—not willingly, for I would have spared her if it had been possible. I said, 'He died, despairing, by his own hand, and you knew it?'

"She looked up. 'No!' she answered. 'To say that I knew it is too much; to say that I feared it is the truth.'

"'Did you love him?'

"She looked at me in stern surprise. 'Have I any right to love? Could I disgrace an honorable man by allowing him to marry me? You look as if you held me responsible for his death.'

"'Innocently responsible,' I said.

"She still followed her own train of thought. 'Do you suppose for a moment I could anticipate that he would destroy himself when I wrote my reply? He was a truly religious man. If he had been in his right mind he would have shrunk from the idea of suicide as from the idea of a crime.'

"On reflection I was inclined to agree with her. In his terrible position it was at least possible that the sight of the razor (placed ready with the other appliances of the toilet for his fellow-traveller's use) might have fatally tempted a maddened man, whose last hope was crushed, whose mind was tortured by despair. I should have been merciless indeed if I had held Miss Jethro accountable thus far. But I found it hard to sympathize with the course she had pursued in permitting Mr. Brown's death to be attributed to murder without a word of protest. I told her what was passing in my mind. 'Why were you silent?' I said.

"She smiled bitterly.

"'A woman would have known why without asking,' she replied. 'A woman would have understood that I shrank from making a public confession of my shameful past life. A woman would have remembered what reasons I had for pitying the man who loved me, and for accepting any responsibility rather than associate his memory with a passion for a degraded creature, and an act of suicide. Even if I had made that cruel sacrifice, would public opinion have believed such a person as I am against the evidence of a medical man and the verdict of the jury? No, Mr. Morris! I said nothing, and I was resolved to say nothing, as long as the choice of alternatives was left to me. On the day when Mr. Mirabel implored me to save him, that choice was no longer left—and you know what I did. And now, again, when suspicion (after all the long interval that has passed) has followed and found that innocent man, you know what I have done. Have you more to ask of me?'

"'I have to ask your pardon for not having understood you,' I said, 'and one last favor to request. May I repeat what I have heard to the one person of all others who ought to know, and who must know the truth?'

"It was needless to hint more plainly that I was speaking of Emily. Miss Jethro granted my request.

"'It shall be as you please,' she answered. 'Say for me to *his* daughter that she has made this dead heart of mine feel a reviving breath of life when I think of her. She will never see me more—I implore her to pity and forget me. Farewell, Mr. Morris; farewell forever!'

"I confess that the tears came into my eyes. When I could see clearly again I was alone in the room."

CHAPTER LXV.

THE TRUE CONSOLATION.

DENIED the relief of tears, Emily closed the pages which told her that her father had died by his own hand.

Cecilia still held her tenderly embraced. By slow degrees her head drooped until it rested on her friend's bosom. Silently she suffered. Silently Cecilia bent forward and kissed her forehead. The sounds that penetrated to the room were not out of harmony with the time. From

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

a distant house the voices of children were just audible, singing the plaintive melody of a hymn; and now and then the breeze blew the first faded leaves of autumn against the window. Neither of the girls knew how long the minutes followed each other uneventfully before there was a change. Emily raised her head and looked at Cecilia.

"I have one true friend left," she said.

"Not only me, love—oh, I hope not only me!"

"Yes. Only you."

"I want to say something, Emily, but I am afraid of hurting you."

"My dear, do you remember what we once read in a book of history at school? It told of the death of a tortured man, in the old time, who was broken on the wheel. He lived through it long enough to say that the agony, after the first stroke of the club, dulled his capacity for feeling pain when the next blows fell. I fancy pain of the mind must follow the same rule. Nothing you can say will hurt me now."

"I only wanted to ask, Emily, if you were engaged at one time to marry Mr. Mirabel. Is it true?"

"False. He pressed me to consent to an engagement, and I said he must not hurry me."

"What made you say that?"

"I thought of Alban Morris."

Vainly Cecilia tried to restrain herself. A cry of joy escaped her.

"Are you glad?" Emily asked. "Why?"

Cecilia made no direct reply. "May I tell you what you wanted to know a little while since?" she said. "You asked why Mr. Morris left it all to me instead of speaking to you himself. I put the same question to him. He pointed to what he had written. 'Not a shadow of suspicion rests on Mr. Mirabel,' he said. 'Emily is free to marry him—and free through me. Can *I* tell her that? For her sake and for mine it must not be. All that I can do is to leave old remembrances to plead for me. If they fail, I shall know that she will be happier with Mr. Mirabel than with me.' 'And you will submit?' I asked. 'Because I love her,' he answered, 'I must submit.' Oh, how pale you are! Have I distressed you?"

"You have done me good."

"Will you see him?"

Emily pointed to the manuscript. "At such a time as this?" she said.

"My darling, it is now, when you most want to be comforted, that you ought to see him. Who can quiet your poor aching heart as *he* can quiet it?" She impulsively snatched up the manuscript and threw it out of sight. "I can't bear to look at it," she said. "Emily, if I have done wrong, you will forgive me? I saw him this morning before I came here. I was afraid of what might happen—I refused to break the dreadful news to you, unless he was somewhere near us. Your good old servant knows where to go. Let me send her—"

Mrs. Ellmother opened the door, and stood doubtful on the threshold, hysterically sobbing and laughing at the same time. "I'm everything that's bad!" the good old creature burst out. "I've been listening—I've been lying—I said you wanted him. Turn me out of my situation if you like. I've got him. Here he is."

In another moment Emily was in his arms—and they were alone. On his faithful breast the blessed relief came to her at last; she burst out crying.

"Oh, Alban, can you forgive me?"

He gently raised her head so that he could see her face.

"My love, let me look at you," he said. "I want to think again of the day when we parted in the garden at school. Do you remember the one conviction that consoled me? I told you, Emily, there was a time of fulfillment to come in our two lives, and I have never wholly lost that dear belief. My own darling, the time has come."

CHAPTER LXVI.

GOSSIP IN THE STUDIO.

The winter-time had arrived. Alban was cleaning his palette, after a hard day's work, in the largest room at the cottage which offered him a good light. The servant announced that tea was ready, and that Miss Ladd was waiting to see him in the next room.

Alban ran in, and received the visitor cordially with both hands. "Welcome back to England!" he said. "I needn't ask if you are better. The sea-voyage has done wonders: you are looking ten years younger than when you went away."

Miss Ladd smiled. "I shall soon be ten years older again if I go back to Netherwoods," she replied. "I didn't believe it at the time, but I know better now. Our friend Dr. Allday was right when he said that my working days were over. I must give up the school to a younger and stronger successor, and make the best I can in retirement of what is left of my life. You and Emily may soon expect to have me as a near neighbor. Where is Emily?"

"Far away, in the north."

"In the north! You don't mean that she has gone back to Mrs. Delvin?"

"She has gone back, with Mrs. Ellmother to take care of her, at my express request. You know what Emily is when there is an act of mercy to be done. That unhappy man has been sinking (with intervals of partial recovery) for months past. Mrs. Delvin sent word to us that the end was near, and that the one last wish her brother was able to express was the wish to see Emily. He had been for some hours unable to speak when she arrived, but he knew her and smiled faintly. He was just able to lift his hand. She took it, and waited by him, and spoke words of consolation and kindness from time to time. As the night advanced he sank into sleep, still holding her hand. They only knew that he had passed from sleep to death — passed without a movement or a sigh—when his hand turned cold. Emily remained for a day at the Tower to comfort poor Mrs. Delvin: and she comes home, thank God! this evening."

"I needn't ask if you are happy?" Miss Ladd said.

"Happy? I sing when I have my bath in the morning. If that isn't happiness (in a man of my age), I don't know what is."

"And how are you getting on?"

"Famously. I have turned portrait painter since you were sent away for your health. A portrait of Mr. Wyvil is to decorate the town-hall in the place that he represents; and our dear kind-hearted Cecilia has induced a fascinated Mayor and Corporation to confide the work to my hands."

"Is there no hope yet of that sweet girl being married?" Miss Ladd asked. "We old maids all believe in marriage, Mr. Morris—though some of us don't own it."

"There seems to be a chance," Alban answered. "A young lord has turned up at Monksmoor; a handsome, pleasant fellow, and a rising man in politics. By my advice he sent his steam-yacht express to Rouen to fetch some of the famous pastry—just before Cecilia's birthday. All the relations gave her commonplace presents. When our young lord made his modest offering of foreign tarts you should have seen her! If I could paint that smile and those eyes, I should be the greatest artist living. You may take my word for it, the pastry has helped him to produce the right impression. Need I say how rich they will be? We shall not envy them; Emily and I rejoice in prosperous circumstances. Everything is comparative. The portrait of Mr. Wyvil will be three hundred pounds in my pocket. I have earned a hundred and twenty more by illustrations since we were married. And my wife's income (I like to be particular) is only five shillings and tenpence short of two hundred a year. Moral—we are rich as well as happy."

"Without a thought of the future?" Miss Ladd asked, slyly.

"Oh, Dr. Allday has taken the future in hand! He revels in the old jokes which used to be addressed to newly-married people in his time. 'My dear fellow, you may possibly be under the joyful necessity of fetching the doctor one of these days. In that case let it be distinctly understood that I am Honorary Physician to the family.' The kind old man talks of getting me another portrait to do. 'The greatest ass in the medical profession,' he informed me, 'has just been made a baronet, and admiring friends have decided that he is to be painted at full length, with his bandy legs hidden under a gown, and his great globular eyes staring at the spectator. I'll get you the job.' Shall I tell you what he says of Mrs. Rook?"

"What he says?" Miss Ladd repeated. "You speak of that wretch as if she was still living."

"Certainly! Mrs. Rook is living—and, what is more, she has become a public character. It is the first case on record of any person getting over such an injury as she has received. Dr. Allday looked grave when he heard of it. 'I begin to believe in the devil,' he said; 'nobody else could have saved Mrs. Rook.' Other people don't take that view of it. She has been celebrated in all the medical newspapers, and she has been admitted to some excellent almshouses, to live in comfortable idleness to a green old age. The best of it is, that she shakes her head when her wonderful recovery is mentioned. 'It seems such a pity,' she says; 'I was so fit for heaven!' Mr. Rook, having got rid of his wife, is in excellent spirits. He is occupied in looking after an imbecile old gentleman; and when he is asked if he likes the employment, he winks mysteriously and slaps his pocket. Now, Miss Ladd, I think it's my turn to hear some news. What have you got to tell me?"

"I think I can match your account of Mrs. Rook," Miss Ladd said. "Do you care to hear what has become of Francine?"

Alban, rattling on hitherto in boyish high spirits, suddenly became serious. "I have no doubt Miss de Sor is doing well," he said, sternly. "She is too heartless and wicked not to prosper."

"You are getting like your old cynical self again, Mr. Morris—and you are wrong. I called this morning on the agent who had the care of Francine when I left England. When I mentioned her name, he opened a drawer in his desk and showed me a telegram received from her father. 'There's my authority,' he said, 'for letting her leave my house.' The message was short enough to be easily remembered: 'Anything my daughter likes, as long as she doesn't come back to us.' In those cruel terms Mr. de Sor wrote of his own child. The agent was just as unfeeling in his way. He called her the victim of slighted love and clever proselytizing. 'In plain words,' he said, 'the priest of the Catholic chapel close by has converted her, and she is now a novice in a convent of Carmelite nuns in the west of England.' So far as we know now, there is the melancholy end of Francine de Sor."

As Miss Ladd spoke, the bell rang at the cottage gate. "Here she is," Alban cried, leading the way into the hall. "Emily has come home!"

THE END.

ROCKAWAY BEACH.

That portion of the Long Island shore where Mr. Frost found the subjects for his amusing sketches on page 444 is noted as one of the most popular of summer resorts in the vicinity of New York. It is accessible by steamboat and railway, and is a favorite spot for excursion parties. On holidays the ocean beach, which presents a stretch of several miles, is crowded with people who have come from the hot streets to gain a breath of fresh air and an invigorating dip in the surf; while the bay, across which the railroad is carried on a long bridge, affords facilities for fishing and still-water bathing.

Thousands of poor people, who can only spare the means for a day's outing at a time for themselves and their children, find Rockaway Beach a perfect paradise. All sorts of cheap amusements are provided, such as minstrel shows, a dime museum, dancing-floors, etc. As a rule, perfect good order prevails among the excursionists, and very little of the rowdy element is to be found there.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY.

The name of Michael Munkacsy has been made familiar even to home-staying Americans by the fact that two of his best-known pictures are owned in this country, while the etchings displayed in the print-sellers' windows have made us acquainted with the composition at least of nearly all his principal works. "The Last Days of a Man Condemned to Death," the picture by which Munkacsy's name was first made known to the general public, is owned by Mrs. W. P. Wilstack, of Philadelphia, and the "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters" belongs to the Lenox Library of this city, and is the chief attraction of the gallery of that institution.

The history of Munkacsy is the ever-interesting one of talent struggling out of obscurity into the light of day; of the gallant fight of ardent youth believing in itself, its eyes fixed on some far-off shining goal, to which, with heart aflame and will resolutely bent, it makes its way through misery, sickness, want, overbearing and beating down all opposition, and succeeding at last in grasping the prize at the very moment when fortune seemed to have turned her face resolutely aside.

He lost his mother when an infant, and he was only four years old when his father died in prison —a victim of the tyranny that crushed Hungary in 1848. He was one of five children, but the little orphans were taken in charge by kind-hearted relatives. The little Michael was adopted by an aunt, but he had not been with her long before, in that wild time, she was murdered by robbers, and the child was taken to the home of an uncle who had once been rich, but was now too poor to do more for the boy than to give him a home and to apprentice him to a joiner. He worked industriously at his trade, and in odd moments learned to read and write, and picked up some knowledge of history and literature; but his life was a hard one, and what he gained was paid for with his life-blood. His health was sapped; exhausting work, hunger, sleep given up for study, hope deferred, brought him to the door of the grave. All would have been lost had not better times come to the good uncle, who took the boy from Arad to Gyula, where he lived. It was in Gyula that Munkacsy first found his calling as an artist. While living with his uncle he met a portrait painter, Samosy, and it was in watching this artist work that the word came to him which has come to so many youths on first waking to a knowledge of their powers, and makes them cry out, with Correggio in the legend, "I too am a painter!"

Henceforth there was only one errand in this world for Munkacsy—he was bound to be a painter. He at once began to study under the direction of Samosy, and he made such progress that he soon found himself able to support himself by teaching. In the time not so employed he painted several pictures, which he sold for good prices—his youth and obscurity considered—and with the small fortune of about one hundred dollars, laid up from his savings, he took a bold header into the sea of life. He first went to Vienna, and after working awhile in the museum there, returned to Pesth, where he suffered much with his eyes, and for a time was threatened with blindness.

After a slow recovery, with a heart as strong as ever, but with only a few dollars in his pocket, he went to Munich, and after studying there for two years, found his way to Düsseldorf, where Knaus was teaching, and where he painted the picture that first made him known, and which he has never excelled—"The Last Days of a Man Condemned to Death."

How often it is seen that the most heroic struggles for the fulfillment of man's dearest desire leaves him, after the accomplishment of his purpose, without an object, and reconciled to walk for the rest of his days in the road with his fellow-men! The joy, the inspiration, come from the struggle itself, from the fight with the blind, dumb forces of nature, and when the day is won, there is nothing left, not even the enjoyment of the victory. Into his first picture—for the "Last Days of a Man Condemned to Death" was in effect his first picture; all that went before it was only learning to use his tools—into that first picture Munkacsy put the full expression of all that he had learned from life in days of darkness and pain. It was a sincere picture, sincerely painted, and in that brilliant Salon of 1870, where, besides himself, Regnault and Zamacois disputed with the crowds that swarmed about their canvases for the first place, Munkacsy's picture made the deepest impression on the people, because it was not, like Regnault's "Salome," merely a splendid *tour de force*, nor, like Zamacois's "The Education of a Prince," a bitter political satire—it was a tragic picture of one of the dark sides of human life, drawn by a man who had himself eaten the bread of sorrow, who had "spent darksome hours weeping and waiting for the morrow," and who well knew the gloomy powers that fence man's road to peace.

But this triumph once achieved, and fame and fortune secured, there seemed, and has ever since seemed, no errand further for the artist in this world, no aim different from that which is pursued by the great army of artists who live only to amuse themselves and the public. It would be useless to criticise his later pictures from any ideal stand-point. They are made to exhibit, to be engraved, and to sell, and they fulfill the end of their being to admiration. Munkacsy is a painter of great skill, but of few ideas, with no historical sense in his so-called historical and religious pictures, painted not out of himself and his own feeling, but solely and notoriously at the demand of the dealers. For him the day of dreaming dreams and of seeing visions seems to have departed.

This picture of himself in his studio is a melancholy comment on a life whose springing youthful fountain of hope and earnest desire has run away and wasted itself in the sands. He sits listless on the corner of a table, and looks at the canvas on his easel as if in a magic mirror he saw the happy past brightening again its dimmed and sorrowful surface. Here is all the old skill, and in the original, a struggle to break through the blackness and the dullness of his usual painting, and to give the unwonted charm of color. But there is no life in the theme, nor anything to feed the mind, and the world, that in spite of its frivolity does sometimes ask a serious question, is asking to-day whether we must look in vain for fruit to justify the promise of Munkacsy's vigorous spring.

THE HON. ISAAC P. GRAY.

Hon. Isaac P. Gray, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Indiana, is a native of Pennsylvania, and nineteen years of his life, before he settled in Indiana, were spent in Ohio. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, October 18, 1828. After obtaining a common-school education he began the study of law, but relinquished it, and accepted a clerkship in a small store at New Madison, Ohio. He soon became a partner, and afterward the sole proprietor of the business. He located at Union City, Indiana, in 1855, and entered into the practice of law. During the war he was Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Indiana Cavalry. In 1866 he was defeated as a Republican candidate for Congress in opposition to George W. Julian. He was elected a member of the Indiana Senate by the Republican party in 1868. When Mr. Greeley was nominated, four years later, Mr. Gray became a Democrat, and in 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with James D. Williams, known as the "Blue Jeans" Governor.

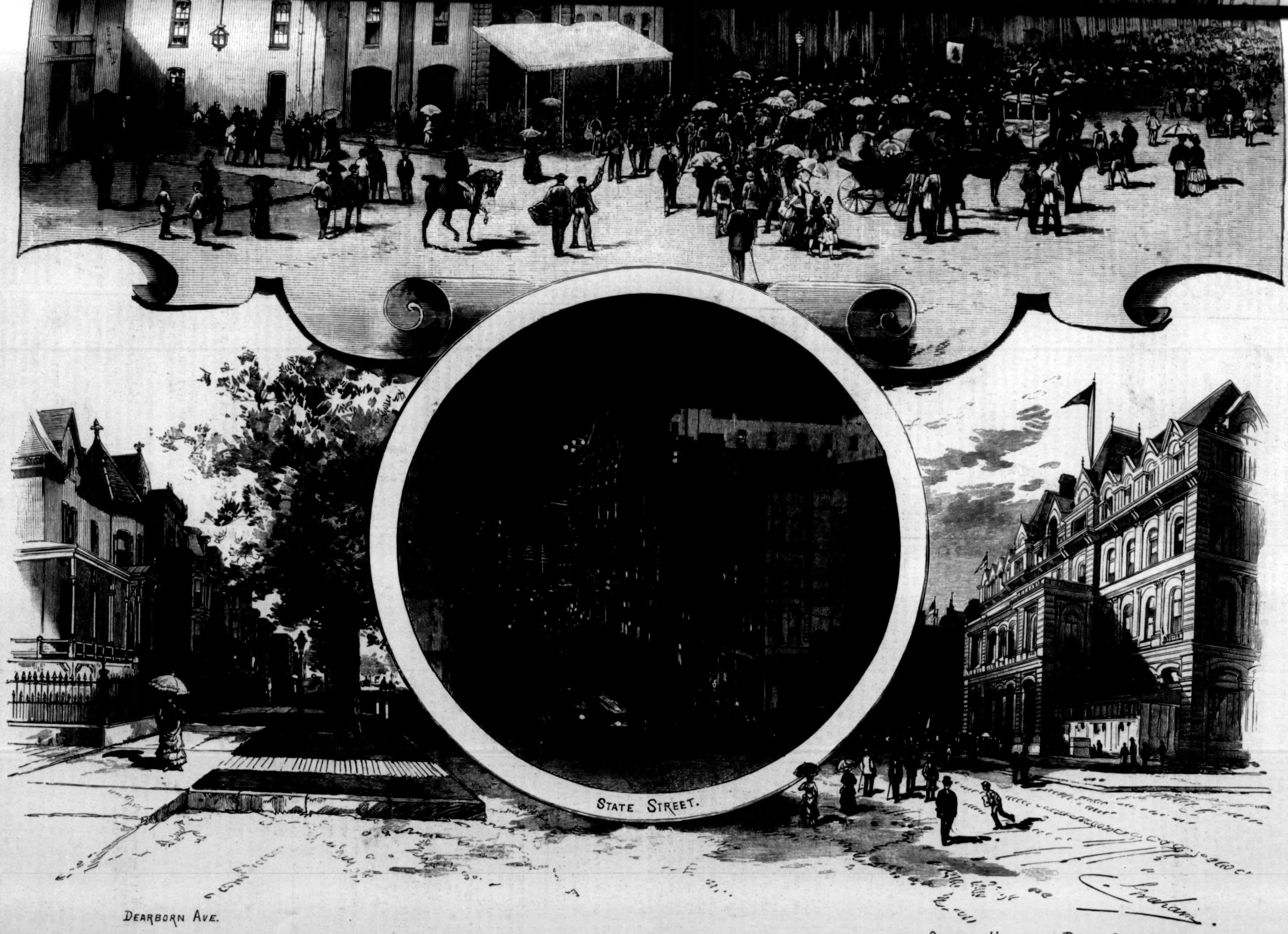
THE SCHOOL SAVINGS-BANK.

One of the European improvements in education is the school savings-bank. Its object is to teach children how to save and accumulate money. The natural tendency of youth is to willful waste, to spend constantly, to be led away by casual temptations. The habit of saving is seldom taught and seldom learned until the rude experience of life brings with it the iron pressure of necessity. The folly of extravagance prevails chiefly among the young, and the recent annals of our city and country abound in instances of ruined lives and wasted hopes, the results of the luxurious and thoughtless manners of the age. Our young men of business have too often never learned in early life how to save; their only conception of living is how to get, in order to spend. The passion of extravagance grows upon them. Their salaries are too small, their profits insignificant, compared to the demands of a growing love of pleasure. They soon overstep their legitimate expenses; they rush into speculation; they fall at last into crime. The awful moment comes too soon, and the ruined victim of his own folly perishes, dishonored and lost, because he had never learned in youth the practice of saving.

It is not so much to the wealthy as to the poor that this habit is all-important. The wealthy may waste the accumulations of his forefathers; but to the working-man, the professional man, or the man of business the habit of saving is the only security from suffering and often despair. It is a safeguard that should be thrown over every family and taught in every school. The school savings-bank has been found singularly useful and successful in connection with the public schools of various countries. It was suggested in France many years ago, and has already extended to Germany, Hungary, Italy, Belgium, and Holland. The system is very simple. The teacher tells his children that he is ready to receive their small savings, and explains to them how they may be made to increase. He gathers in their pennies and centimes, keeps a register with the name of each depositor, and when the sum amounts to a franc or more, places it in a neighboring savings-bank or lends it to the state. The business is transacted out of school hours; it teaches the pupil some of the niceties of trade. He keeps a duplicate account of his deposits, and can only draw any part of them with the consent of his parent or guardian.

The plan has proved very attractive to children. In Ghent, out of 45,000 pupils, there are 13,000 depositors, each for more than one franc. In France the number of school banks is 10,261, with 213,135 depositors. The whole amount deposited by the children was in 1880 more than one million dollars. The school banks form a part of the system that would make education a practical thing, and more than ever useful in preparing the youth of the nation for active life. To teach the great body of the people in childhood the habit of saving would of itself alone more than repay the public outlay upon education. It is the foundation of honesty, the chief source of national honor. In it lie the safety and purity of families, and much of the happiness of domestic life. Without the habit of saving, our young men and young women often wander recklessly on a perilous track, and perish miserably for want of an early training in frugality.

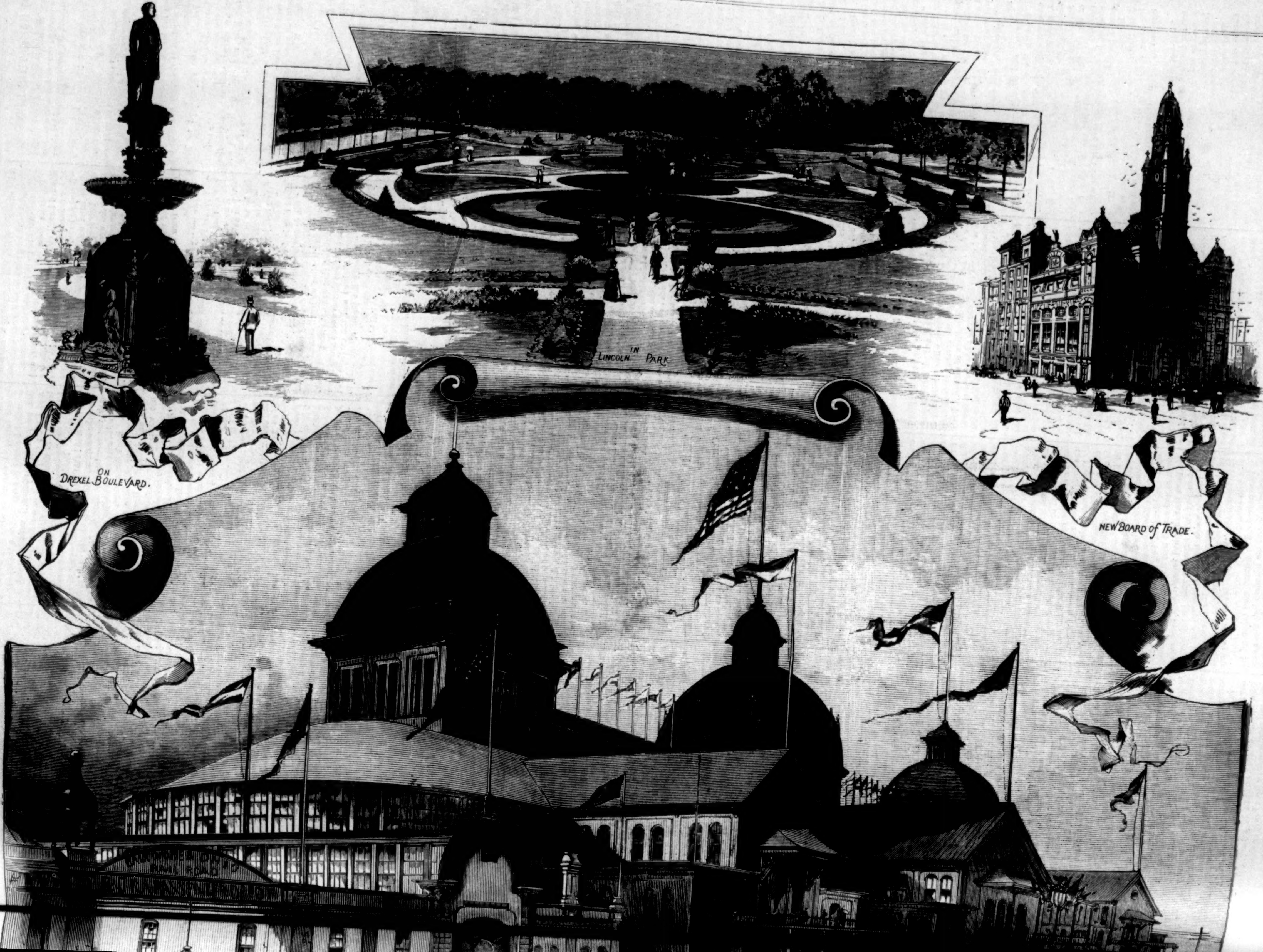
Eugene Lawrence.



Dearborn Ave.

Custom House and Post Office.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—SOME CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE CITY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 451.]


ON DREXEL BOULEVARD.
LINCOLN IN PARK.
NEW BOARD OF TRADE.

TAKE BACK THIS RING.

The spacious dressing-room of Albert Carnes opened into a passage connecting with a no less spacious apartment, the sewing-room of his sister Frederika.

Through this arrangement there happened a chain of circumstances which would have been extremely obnoxious to Mrs. Grundy, whose foresight, indeed, had not been consulted in the plan.

The young men who visited Albert on the most intimate terms, and who without exception, if not lovers, were certainly admirers, of Miss Frederika, found it very delightful to saunter through the passage from the masculine boudoir of the brother into the sanctum of the sister whenever the open door allowed.

Edward Lovell, whose engagement to Miss Frederika Carnes had been formally announced, was the only one who seldom entered the tell-tale precinct, where already delicate embroideries, finest of fine linen, and exquisite Mechlin and Valenciennes anticipated the exigencies of an approaching day.

In this well-lighted apartment of sewing all the cases sent from Paris with the season's surprising costumes were deposited and opened; in this apartment two seamstresses were forever bending over the needle, one plying it industriously by hand, the other "*ex machinâ*" evolving the elaborate stitchery. The first was an old maid of antediluvian prestige, who, although her piercing black eyes were fixed on her stitches, never lost sight of an outside glance or motion; and who, deaf as an adder, insisting that every order should be bawled into her left ear, heard with her right every syllable whispered or spoken. The other was a young creature who worked upon the sewing-machine, a delicate girl eighteen years of age, graceful in figure, with a face gentle yet piquant, soft brown hair coiled carelessly around a brow fresh-white as a pearl, soft brown eyes, and lips. Frederika Carnes was really fond of her little sewing-maid. She inquired into the history of the young girl, and learned that she supported by her labor an infirm and widowed mother, and, moreover, that in the approaching spring she was to be married to a young man with whom she was in love truly, an undertaker by trade.

One evening in the February twilight—the working hour was past, and the old maid seamstress had gone home—two young men entered the room. Josie Harte, bending over the clicking machine, was desperately in earnest finishing some important work. She did not glance up at the entrance. Joseph Bell threw himself full length upon a sofa. He was possessed with an idea that he was personally irresistible to the pretty sewing-girl. He laughed in his sleeve at "the absurdity of Harrison's supposing he had any winning chance there." Spenser Harrison drew an arm-chair close to Josie's side.

Josie went on working. But through the steady low noise of the work she heard—she could not but hear, and indeed she had often heard the same strain before—Harrison's protestations of admiration; nay, more, his protestations of love.

"I am engaged to be married," said Josie Harte, lifting her eyes once, and only once, as she changed the work beneath her needle.

"To some coarse, laborious man, I'll be bound," said Harrison, "who will make you stitch and drudge to your life's end. Josie, you were not made for this. Every turn of your graceful head, every gesture of that dear little hand, protests against it. You shall not sacrifice yourself, Josie."

Josie Harte arose and left the room. In a closet of the adjoining corridor her shawl and bonnet hung. In a moment she had put them on. Quickly she was at the front door—quickly in the street. But scarcely had she gone the distance of a block when footsteps sped behind her. Spenser Harrison, with his passionate eyes ablaze, and his lips pale beneath his black mustache, had followed and approached her. Again he was at her side.

"Josie, you provoking little witch, you are flying, I know, but you can not fly away from me. Love is the winged god, *ma petite*. Is it nothing, nothing to you, Miss Harte, that you are making my life miserable?—nothing to you that I adore you, that I love you, that I truly— Oh! you must know it!"

"Leave me," said Josie. "This moment leave me."

"Never," said Harrison—"never until—"

Through the deepening dusk, and with pace quickened like their own, some one came to Josie. A gentleman, waiting but a second for permission, drew her arm within his own. It was Edward Lovell. He had seen the rapid movement of the girl, and the expression of the man that followed her. Appreciating the situation in a moment, he determined to save her from annoyance if possible.

His good intention was not misplaced. When Josie Harte reached the dingy door of her humble home, she said to Edward Lovell, with sincere fervor, "I shall never forget your kindness."

"Our last drive in the Park," said Frederika, turning her dark eyes, sufficiently eloquent of affection to satisfy the most exacting lover, upon Edward Lovell.

"The last *this season*," he suggested.

They were driving in a landau, with Albert Carnes and Spenser Harrison sitting opposite. Crowding up Fifth Avenue, their talk was interrupted; it was not until they had entered the Park, and had somewhat escaped the throng, that Albert Carnes said to his sister:

"Freddie, show Edward that ring. I'd like to have him say now if he has no respect for African diamonds. Two thirty-carat stones, Spense," he added, turning to Harrison, "of the first water, and a perfect match. For my part, I prefer—other qualities being equal—these brilliant off-color stones. When I'm engaged to be married, my engagement ring shall be an African solitaire. I like the sunny tinge of the southern adamant."

Frederika drew off her soft gray glove, and Edward Lovell, ever sensitive to the least display of her refined charm, glanced warmly at the little "lily-white hand." She took from the forefinger of the hand not engagement-pledged a diamond ring. The eyes of Spenser Harrison and of Albert Carnes were fixed upon the jewel. Edward Lovell glanced at it vaguely. He had already, however, taken it into his hand.

"Very beautiful," he said. "These Cape diamonds have fire, to say the least. One could—" He paused. He had seemed, as he spoke, in the act of returning the ring. Suddenly it had escaped from his fingers. He looked for it. It was gone.

"Give me my ring, then, Ned, if it is so fiery," said gentle Frederika. "I like to keep to myself all that burns."

"Where is it?" asked Lovell, bewildered.

"You have dropped it," Albert exclaimed, moving so as to look on the floor of the carriage.

"Give back the ring, Lovell," said Harrison. "You took it, you know. Come, that's not fair."

"Where is it?" reiterated Lovell. The diamond ring had vanished.

"Oh, somewhere in the carriage," said Frederika, somewhat petulantly, drawing on her glove. "We shall find it when we reach home."

But the diamond ring was not found. The expressive face of Albert Carnes wore a grave frown when the group alighted and the carriage was searched. "It could not possibly," he said to Frederika, "have fallen outside."

"What do you mean?" asked his sister, alarmed to her heart's core. She was pale as the white lace scarf that she had drawn close around her throat in nervous self-infoldment from the hour.

"The engagement of Edward Lovell and Frederika Carnes is broken off," said Rumor, knocking at every "in society" door. Miss Carnes is the chief actor in the unhappy affair. Edward Lovell has accepted a foreign partnership in the mercantile house to which he belongs, and has sailed for England in view of a permanent residence abroad. Rumor added that Lovell's departure was hastened to avoid a threatened exposure of circumstances seriously detrimental to his good name.

And all this happened on account of the mysterious loss of Frederika's diamond ring. The rumor that took bodily shape in the world's ear was the consolidated form of innumerable whispers in the *tête-à-tête* of parlors and the clubs. Spenser Harrison was accountable for the most subtly injurious of these scandalous breaths. To use his own phrase of thought, he "owed Lovell a grudge," and Fate had given him an opportunity of paying this ignoble debt.

As for Frederika, she could not stem the current of prejudice which had so cruelly set against her lover but with her whole soul she maintained her faith in his innocence. Her relatives had used authority to annul the engagement, but the girl secretly vowed that she would be the wife of no other man.

A year had passed. Josie Harte, whose marriage had been postponed because her infirm mother needed day and night a daughter's care, answered at last the inquiries of Miss Carnes, made a few weeks after the burial of Mrs. Harte, "I have fixed my wedding for this day fortnight."

"I wish you all happiness, my good Josie," said Frederika, with a smile and a sigh. "And now you will give me the pleasure to add a few trifles to your trousseau, since you were—ah, I do not forget it—so interested in mine."

Among the many useful gifts and the many not useful but quite pleasurable bits of finery that Miss Carnes pressed upon the acceptance of Josie Harte was a silk costume which for a twelvemonth had hung in the dark of a seldom-visited cedar closet.

"Do you know," said the sweet girl, "that I hardly like to give you this, and yet I will, hoping that time has taken from it whatever ill luck it had. For, Josie, this is the carriage dress I wore the day I lost all the happiness of my life. I felt that I ought to tell you this; but you need not be superstitious about it, for happy love makes all things right."

Josie accepted the gift, but not without a superstitious misgiving, with which she compromised by determining that she would alter the fashion of the costume at once.

The enterprising young undertaker, who, in spite of the solemnity of his trade, had found, as Josie said, his business "so good," and who was one of the sunniest-hearted beings in the world, encountered at last the "compensation" of his good times in the verified fact that "the course of true love did never yet run smooth."

The postponement of his marriage for a year, truly as he respected Josie's filial devotion, had occasioned him continued regret; and now, a fortnight before his wedding day, at the last moment, it seemed fate had a great trial in store for him.

One evening he noticed that Josie's manner showed unusual seriousness; but he "laughed it off," thinking, fondly, "when she is a married woman she shall have no care."

Just as he was about to close his visit, Josie said, "Robert, I want to speak to you about something."

"Speak away, darling," said her lover, possessing himself of what Harrison had called "that dear little hand," and quite content to listen.

"Robbie, you know I have two hundred dollars in the bank. It would have been more, but—"

"I know it, child," said Robert, relaxing slightly his clasp of the small hand.

"Well, dear," said Josie, speaking very quickly and softly, "I wanted to keep that money—or rather I meant to keep it—for a 'rainy day.' But now, all of a sudden, I want to spend it. And I want to spend it in a ridiculous way—at least you will think it is a ridiculous way, and I think so too, looking at it in one light. But never mind. Robbie, I want to cross the ocean—don't start so! that's nothing much nowadays—to cross the ocean, and come right back. Oh, right back, you may be sure, dear Robbie! But even that will defer our wedding day a little while. Hush. Don't say a word. You have good faith in me, Robert; you have shown that to me always, and without it, Heaven knows, you would not want me for your little wife, as *I shall be*, dearest. Well, on Saturday—and my passage is taken,—I am to sail. My heart is set upon it."

And on Saturday, Robert actually crying—'tis a pity such uncommon things should be—crying like a child upon the seasick wharf whence the jubilant-looking steam-ship departed—Josie "sailed."

A foggy night in London—a foggy night succeeding a foggy day; the fifteenth foggy night, succeeding fifteen foggy days. Very depressing to an American.

Edward Lovell, leaving his office late, and wearily wending his way to his lodgings, looked, this dismal night, oh, how much older than he looked a year ago! He had always been a thoughtful, he was now a sorrowful, man. His grief had told upon him. Those vague, deadly rumors—could any prosperity in business, any kindness, any admiration extended to him in his new field of career, ever dispel them? And Frederika—would her faith die at last of the slow poison?

Reaching his lodgings, Edward Lovell found a visitor awaiting him. "A young woman; a foreigner, I think, sir; very respectable like. She insisted on waiting, sir."

The young man did not recognize his visitor. She made herself known to him as the sewing-girl who worked for Miss Carnes. "Oh, do you not remember, sir?" she said. "Once you were so kind to me!"

Then Josie Harte put into the hand of Edward Lovell a little object which she had found inclosed in a box pleat of a carriage dress, which "a fortnight before her wedding day" she had been remodelling.

A diamond ring—*the* diamond ring! Edward Lovell, strongly nerved man as he was, turned pale and staggered at the sight of it.

The day that Frederika Carnes, driving in the Park with her lover, showed him her ring, it slipped from his fingers, and lodged unseen in the open pleat of her skirt's goffered flouncing.

Josie Harte, the humble, obscure sewing-girl to whom Edward Lovell had shown a brief chivalric kindness, had crossed the ocean to put into his own hands the clew alike of his evil and good fortune.

"Take back this ring."

THE MORAL OF THE PELEW ISLANDERS.

Civilization sometimes reaches the corners of the earth, its garrets and cellars, so to speak, under strange guise. Thus, for instance, the Pelew Islands of the Caroline group have discovered what civilization means by the accident of having committed a piracy.

It appears that those light-hearted islanders one morning became aware of a small vessel wrecked upon their beautiful but inhospitable coast. The first man who saw it thought he would get to the prize before his neighbors, and made off to the beach with all his might; but he was discovered, and very soon the whole village was at his heels, men, women, children, pet goats, and all. There was the wreck, sure enough, and what with plunder and strange meats and drinks, the Pelew folk spent a very happy day indeed.

It was in vain that the crew tried to explain to the acquisitive natives that there was a considerable difference between "meum" and "tuum," and that it was not in good taste to loot a ship simply because it had been unfortunate. But the islanders were very indifferent on such matters of etiquette, and the head man, having heard the protest courteously to the end, replied by seizing the captain's sextant, and running off with it as a present for his elder wife. Piecemeal at first, but eventually wholesale, the wreck was plundered, and when the unsophisticated savages had comfortably distributed their ill-gotten gains among them, they sat down with the crew to palaver over the whole affair. Neither side understood the other, and as there were ten thousand of the Pelew people and only five of the crew, the balance of argument seemed to the audience very much in favor of the former.

From a moral point of view, of course, the seamen had the stronger position; but, after all, it is not easy to convince a savage with a long knife in his waist-belt that he is not behaving in a seemly manner in wearing other people's clothes without their permission. The result, therefore, was that the Europeans made no impression at all upon the islanders, but, on the contrary, were given to understand that it was a fortunate thing for them that they had brought with them sufficient to pay their expenses while on the island, and the fine which they had incurred for trespassing without permission on the Pelew group of the Caroline Islands. Otherwise they might have been made "long pig" of, and served up cold with salads.

Time passed. The seamen were taken off by a passing ship, and the islanders had given over talking about their great windfall. The captain's telescope, having served the head man for a truncheon for a long time, had got so twisted and battered that no one cared much about it; the crew's kit had been taken to pieces, and made up again to suit Pelew fashions; the sails and bunting had found their destinies in a variety of small useful household ways; and a good deal of ship's furniture had settled down in one place or another as ornaments or appurtenances of the various huts. The old order of things, in fact, had been completely re-established, and the episode of those absurdly talkative strangers who had drifted sideways on to the island in a leaky boat, and had been so fussy about the appropriation of their effects, had passed into a tradition remembered only by the material vestiges of the visit, such as the binnacle cap and a few life-buoys which met the eye here and there.

Their surprise, therefore, may be imagined when, ever so long afterward, another ship appeared in sight off their coast; but instead of drifting, as the other had done, log-fashion on to the beach, it anchored in the offing, and a boat approached the coast in a regular manner. A number of persons, ferociously armed, stepped out of the boat, and, as they had brought an interpreter, the astonished natives soon learned that they were to restore all the articles they had taken, or else to make them good in other ways.

A palaver was at once organized, and whether it was owing to the arms which the seamen carried or the strong language which they used, the Pelew men came at last to have a glimmering of "civilization." In vain did they protest that they had eaten all the ship's stores, burned up all its wood, cut up its canvas into canoe mats, and otherwise sequestrated the appointments of the vessel to their own uses.

The battered telescope was found stuck up on a little mound, where it had been established in a more or less clandestine way as a domestic fetich, and the binnacle head was recovered from the medicine-man, who had been in the habit of taking very satisfactory auguries therefrom. The boatswain's Sunday shore trousers were reconstituted from scattered fragments which had hitherto been doing duty as head-dresses for the village magnates, and the captain's charts were dug up from the spot where the cautious medicine-man had advised them it would be best to bury such dangerous things. When, however, all they could find was collected together, it did not represent by a considerable interval the fittings and contents of a bark, and the savages therefore found themselves, for the first time in their lives, confronted with a "bill to pay."

They knew nothing of arithmetic, and still less of equity; but they soon understood what was meant when the seamen explained the equivalent of eight hundred pounds, the sum at which they assessed their losses by the plundering. At first they suggested spreading the debt over a number of installments, and paying it in lemons. But this idea was scouted.

They next suggested goats as a way out of the difficulty, and then added cocoa-nuts. Yet all their lemons, goats, and cocoa-nuts did not make the sum demanded, so they went out sadly into the island to see what they could put together to satisfy these terribly civilized white men. It was not much that they found—a wilderness of fowls, bananas innumerable, bread-fruit, sugar-cane, and melons. The sea was full of fish, the beach strewn with beautiful shells, the trees laden with tropical fruits. So they came back to report results.

Their reception was not encouraging at first, for an indemnity in chickens, lemons, and shells did not meet the views of the plundered crew. At last a bargain was struck, and the melancholy islanders went about their ways, collecting the payment of the penalty which they had incurred. Such days the Pelew Islands had never seen. Every savage was busy rummaging his house and garden for something to add to the public fund, and by putting in their weapons, canoes, horns, and spices, they managed to make up among them enough to content the claimants. Then the ship sailed away again, leaving the Pelew Islanders to their own reflections in their depleted huts.

It is difficult to put these reflections before ourselves, for the islanders had never probably until then had any idea conveyed to them as to the meaning of justice. On more than one occasion previously crews had come to their shores, and had never gone away, and nothing had been ever said of them by anybody.

But now, simply because they had allowed the strangers to depart instead of burying them comfortably in the middle of a melon bed, a number of armed men had returned and carried off in revenge everything that the islanders possessed! The equity of this must have been very difficult for the simple barbarians to understand, and we may depend upon it that the next time a boat is found upon their coast, the crew, if it has any, will be treated in a manner more conducive to the islanders' interests than their predecessors.

On the side of the savages there is much to be said, for they were a peaceable folk, living innocently upon the fish that swarmed in the lagoons, the fowls that overran the villages, and the bread-fruit, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and sugar-cane that flourished so luxuriantly on the island. So far from troubling any one, they seldom even troubled themselves. Expert as fishermen, they had ample supplies of wholesome food, while the women, admirable agriculturists, practically kept the sequence of fruit and vegetable crops in perfect order. No one could possibly know want or cold. Their needs were few, and all were abundantly supplied, while being of a lazy, full-fed kind, they seldom had any agitation among themselves to excite them to effort.

In this contented, luxurious life they might have lived to the end of their days if it had not been for the unlucky accident of a bark, either from bad seamanship or from being unseaworthy, getting itself wrecked on their coast, and their own want of forethought in allowing the men on board to leave the island. But the lesson will never probably be forgotten that it does not do

for savages to dabble in civilization. They must either be completely Christian, and leave wrecks alone when they see them lying about, or else they must be utter savages, and bury the strangers deep in the ground before dividing the wreckage among themselves. This half-and-half civilization that plunders a ship, and then sees its owners safe off to go and collect friends and come back with ruinous demands, can do no good to anybody.

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

"COME and unbar the garden gate,
My hands are full of gathered flowers,"
Sang blithesome Kate, as the painted sky
Was fading out 'mid evening hours:
A welcome song to my listening ear,
From prattling, pretty, winsome Kate;
So I hurried o'er the well-worn path
That wound along by the garden gate.

A cloud of fragrant apple blooms
Was hung so closely overhead
That even sly eavesdropping birds
Could not make out a word we said,
Nor take a note of what was done
By bashful swain and blushing Kate,
And both have kept the secret well—
Those happenings at the garden gate.

Bright roses bloomed on Katie's cheeks,
While fading sunlight bathed her hair;
A merry twinkle filled her eyes;
Her lips—well, kisses nestled there.
I drew the bar and cleared the way,
That she might pass, my bonnie Kate;
But toll was claimed; she paid; and I
Returned it all at the garden gate.

Long years have rolled away since then,
And we have lived and loved together,
Sometimes in sun, sometimes in shade,
Unmindful of the wind or weather.
Each year, when comes the apple blooms,
At eve I go with my darling Kate,
And on each anniversary day
Take toll anew at the garden gate.

CLARK W. BRYAN.

CHICAGO.

THE interior of the Exposition Building at Chicago has been re-arranged since the meeting of the Republican Convention, and the Democrats gathered there this week will have the benefit of more convenient accommodations. The platform for the chairman and other officers of the Convention is better placed for the speakers, and there are other changes suggested by the experience of the former Convention.

On our opening pages we give a new view of the Exposition Building, and sketches of other places and objects of interest in and about the city. Chicago is justly proud of its Lincoln Park, which, although it lacks the natural attractions of the Brooklyn and Philadelphia parks, is laid out with great taste, and kept in perfect order; and in no other American city are there more beautiful residence streets.

THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY."

THE position selected for the great statue on its pedestal is the centre of the parade of old Fort Wood on Bedloe's Island. This is a star-shaped fort, with high granite scarp walls, and forms a beautiful and grand setting for the pedestal. This position required that that base of the pedestal proper designed by the architect in chief (Mr. RICHARD M. HUNT, of this city) should be elevated at least twenty feet above the crest of the parapet wall.

To meet the requirements of height and solidity, General C. P. STONE, the engineer in chief, designed the foundation mass as it exists to-day, completed, and has constructed it in one great artificial stone. The sandy loam of which the surface ground is composed was excavated to the depth of fifteen feet, when a compact soil was reached composed of a reddish-colored gravel mixed with clay and small bowlders. Borings executed in the subsoil proved that this soil continued to the depth of thirty-five feet before rock was reached, and no layers of soft or running material were found.

The great monolith which forms the foundation mass, of which we give an engraving on page 452, is composed of *beton*, a mixture of cement, sand, and broken trap-rock rammed in layers of six inches thickness. The form was maintained by heavy plank moulds, a portion of which have been removed. The weight of this great stone is about 23,500 tons.

The dimensions of this great block are as follows: The base is *ninety-one feet* square. The upper surface, which is to receive the base of the pedestal, is *sixty-seven feet* square. The total height is *fifty-two feet, ten inches*. Two arched passages run through the mass, at right angles to each other, on the level of the parade. These passages are ten feet wide, and seven feet high to the springing lines of the arches, which have a rise of two feet. In the centre of the mass there is a vertical shaft ten feet square, in which a staircase will be constructed by which one can mount from the level of the parade to the interior shaft of the pedestal proper. It is proposed that an elevator shall be placed in the shaft of the pedestal, by means of which one can rise up into the statue itself, and a smaller elevator inside the statue will give access to the head, in which forty men can stand together.

The pedestal will be constructed of granite from Leete's Island, Connecticut. The quarrying and dressing of the stone is now in rapid progress, the stones of the first two courses, and some more, being already quarried and dressed ready for transportation to the island.

Mr. D. H. KING, Jun., the official builder of the committee, is now preparing the plant necessary for the masonry construction, and has promised to have the first course laid, ready for the formal ceremony of "laying the corner-stone," by the first day of August next. The work will be prosecuted under the supervision of General STONE, the engineer in chief.

The walls of the pedestal will be seventeen feet thick on the base, and seven feet thick on the top, the height to be one hundred and seventeen feet. The exterior of these walls will be of granite, while the interior backing will be of artificial stone of the best quality. Spaces will be prepared on the lower portion of the pedestal for the display of the shields of the various States of the Union, while the shields of the United States and France will be displayed over the entrance.

Should funds be in hand, the pedestal can be finished and ready for the statue by the end of October of this year.

THE CHARACTER OF PORTUGUESE RULE.

THE Portuguese race has unquestionably filled a most distinguished part in the world. At the period of which we write it had gloriously recovered its national independence, and was renowned alike for its splendid literature, its famous geographical discoveries—more especially those of Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco da Gama, Cabral, and Magalhaens—and its magnificent colonial possessions in the East as well as in the West; and that the race has not lost all its energy is proved by such exploits of the present day as those of Serpa Pinto and others. But in two respects, as well to-day as two centuries ago, the same race is less honorably remarkable, namely, in addiction to the more superstitious adjuncts of Catholicism, such as worship of images, belief in every-day miracles, etc., and in addiction to every form of the slave-trade. The former may be considered an indication of puerile ignorance; the latter is a national disgrace.

There seems, indeed, something peculiarly ingrained in the Portuguese race which makes them take to slave-dealing and slave-hunting as naturally as greyhounds take to chasing hares; and this observation applies not to one section of the race alone, but to Portuguese wherever they are to be found beyond the reach of European law. No modern race can be cited as slave-hunters within measurable distance of the Portuguese. Their exploits in this respect are written in the annals not only of the whole coast of Brazil, from Pará to Uruguay and along the Missiones of Paraguay, not only on the coast of Angola, but throughout the interior of Africa. We may take up the journals of one traveller after another, of Burton, of Livingstone, of Stanley, or of Cameron, and in whatever respect their accounts and opinions may differ, on one point they are one and all entirely agreed, namely, as to the pestilent and remorseless activity of the ubiquitous Portuguese slave-catcher.

Nor does the eminence of the Portuguese race as purveyors to the slave market end at the Dark Continent. In India, it is true, their activity in this respect is restrained by the presence of a paramount power; but further east their national character has found ample scope for its development. In the nineteenth century a Christian country of Europe has shown an example to such nations as China and Japan by maintaining at Macao an emporium of coolies destined for Peru and elsewhere, and sent out under conditions differing from those of slavery in name alone, and the records of which traffic are a pendant to those of "the middle passage." Finally, a branch of the Portuguese race has at this moment the unenviable distinction of possessing the only civilized country in which slavery is acknowledged by law.

FOLK-LORE OF COLORS.

AT a memorable convention of sorcerers, held in the year 1590, it is related that the light of a candle "apperit blew." Shakespeare too, it may be remembered, alludes to this superstition in *Richard III.* (Act. V., Scene 3):

"The lights burn blue—it is now dead midnight;
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh....
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent."

So, in *Julius Cæsar* (Act IV., Scene 3), Brutus, on seeing the ghost of Cæsar, exclaims:

"How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?"

This, however, was not the only way in which blue was supposed to be associated with evil. Dalyell, in his *Darker Superstitions of Scotland* (1834, p. 119), alluding to the theory that malevolent acts were effected by means of a thread, relates how a certain lady, having dismissed one of her servants, was the victim of the following malicious treatment. It appears that on leaving his situation the servant forthwith invoked the aid of a sorcerer, who gave him a "blue threid," which he laid before the house of his late mistress, the result being that in a very short time she and her eldest daughter "took sudden sickness, and were both bereft of their natural life thereby."

Green has generally been regarded as an ominous color, and on this account is unpopular in Scotland at weddings; one reason assigned being that it is the fairies' color, who resent as a mark of disrespect its use by mortals. Hence nothing green must ever make its appearance at a Scotch marriage—a custom which is so strictly adhered to that even kale and all other green vegetables are very carefully excluded from the nuptial feast. This antipathy to green does not seem confined, however, to Scotland, being found in the south of England. Thus Mrs. Latham, in her *West Sussex Superstitions*, says she has known "several instances of mothers absolutely forbidding it in articles of dress, or in the furniture of their houses." To be dressed in green and white, too, would, according to the popular rhyme, seem to be tantamount to wearing the willow, for

"Those dressed in blue
Have lovers true;
In green and white,
Forsaken quite."

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that green eyes have been praised by poets of nearly every land; and according to Armado, in *Love's Labor's Lost* (Act I., Scene 2), "green, indeed, is the color of lovers"; and the Nurse, in her description of Romeo's rival (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., Scene 5), says,

"An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath."

It has been suggested that as green is the color most suggestive of freshness and spring-time, it may have been considered the most appropriate lover's badge.

Again, black is a mystical color, being generally found in combination with witchcraft; persons supposed to possess the faculty of transforming themselves nearly always taking the shape of a black dog, a black cat, or some animal of a kindred color, illustrations of which may be found in the folk-tales of most countries. It is easy to discover why this should be so when we remember that black, from a very early period, has been reckoned as the type of darkness, which again has been held to be the embodiment of evil.

Thus, even among uncultured tribes, black victims are offered to demons, and in certain parts of Africa a black offering is the recognized propitiatory oblation on any important occasion. Clapperton, in his *Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa*, tells us how, in a province on the east of the Niger, the inhabitants offer an annual sacrifice of a black bull, a black sheep, and a black dog on a high hill. Among other instances may be mentioned one in Tartary, where, Marco Polo informs us, sheep with black heads were granted by the Khan for sacrifice.

From the association of black with darkness may be traced the custom of using this color as an emblem of mourning; for, as Mr. Dalyell has rightly observed, "blackness is darkness, the place or picture of sorrow—the absence of joy and pleasure." To the same reason, also, may be assigned that ill luck associated with black which in a variety of ways is witnessed in every-day life. It is a common saying in Scotland, for instance, when a man is ill and not likely to recover, or when he has lost one of his family or kindred by death, "The black ox has tramped upon him." To quote another example: we are told that in Sussex it is considered unlucky to take a piece of blackthorn in blossom into a house, this being regarded as a death-token.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT has been ascertained that one-fourth of the population of Massachusetts consists of foreigners, and that another fourth part is of persons of foreign parentage. Descendants from old Massachusetts stock recognize the fact that the Commonwealth is a good State to hail from.

One of the East River Bridge towers is to be used as a Coast Survey station. A copper rod an inch in diameter, planted in the masonry, will serve as a tripod for holding the instruments. The most distant station visible from that point will be the one at Roslyn.

"The iron-mongers," says a commercial review, "report American pig without animation." If the iron-mongers could see a genuine Florida shoat, they would revise their report.

In Philadelphia the lasters are out on strike. The lasters ought to hold out well.

At considerable labor and expense a rather rare plant was introduced in the carp ponds of the Fish Commission at Washington, under the impression that it was excellent food for the young carp. The astounding discovery has just been made that the young carp are excellent food for the plant. It is known as the great bladderwort, on the floating leaves of which grow small bladders that intrap the young fry.

In the heat of this political strife somebody halts to inquire, "Why does the President wear a white hat?" In any other than a Presidential year the public would be satisfied with the explanation that he wears a white hat to protect his head.

Mexican outlaws were a few months ahead of Mexican law-makers in levying upon the capital which has been invested in railroads there by foreign capitalists. But it looks as if the government would soon outdo the bandits in preparing expensive annoyances for the railroad interests to meet. The proposal to require that the roads shall be fenced on both sides through the wastes of that country is bad enough, but it is not so ridiculous as the appointment of a government inspector of railroads, who is to "supervise and regulate" matters of which it is impossible that he can have any knowledge.

It turns out that the infernal machine found in the baggage of Patrick Joyce, a namesake of O'Donovan Rossa's mild-eyed disciple, was a very carefully put-up drop of the real old creature. Patrick was not going to trust it in an ordinary demijohn to the perils of an ocean voyage; so he put it into a strong glass tube, and packed the tube in a box made to hold it. The cable does not say whether the British government gave the whiskey back to Patrick. If it was not given back, the incident may have a powerful effect in keeping Irish-Americans away from English territory.

If anybody fancies that all New York has fled to the sea-shore and the mountains, let him go back into the dining-room of an up-town flat for a cool and quiet afternoon with his book.

In the new Dakota city of Chamberlain a circular was distributed, a week prior to Independence-day, setting forth that at the close of the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the other exercises six horse-thieves would be hanged in the grove adjacent to the city. The circular was signed "Vigilantes." As it was known that the six horse-thieves had not been selected, the circular occasioned some considerable uneasiness in Chamberlain society, and it was predicted that the only man besides the Vigilantes to venture near the grove on the day in question would be the clergyman who was to make the oration. The telegraph, at the time of writing this, has not brought anything further concerning the observance of the day.

Many men were surprised when they learned from reports of a court case recently tried in this city that the barber is among the persons who must be "tipped" before they will do honest service. The barber, it seems, has the advantage of all the others in his ability to inflict punishment upon those who do not tip him. When a man has frequently occupied his chair, and has paid only the keeper of the shop, the journeyman barber can elevate the heel of his razor and scrape the face of his victim in such a way that within an hour after quitting the shop it will be a sight to behold, and something terrible to endure. The hotel or restaurant waiter, on the other hand, can not safely do more than deprive one of his dinner if he suspects that he is not to be tipped.

The city of Louisville has changed back from standard to local time. The principal reason seems to be that the Mayor ordered that the city clock be set to standard time without authority from the City Council.

A writer in the Boston *Advertiser* treats of the effect of excessive lawn tennis playing upon the physical well-being of American girls, and mentions the case of a young creature, "fair as Aurora and graceful as Hebe," who has been transformed into "a spare, angular maiden" by too much devotion to the delights of the tennis court. This is a matter worthy of the profoundest attention of medical men. Until the subject has been thus investigated it is not judicious to accept the prevalence of spare and angular maidens in Boston as proof that lawn tennis is fatal to feminine loveliness. The east wind, the indigestible bean, and the contiguity of the Concord School of Philosophy, and other things, are to be considered.

On the night of the recent June storm only two persons crossed the East River Bridge between midnight and 5 A.M. One of these was drunk, and the guards didn't find out what was the matter with the other.

In India the employés of the railway companies do not act even in emergencies without orders from head-quarters. A Calcutta paper tells of a station agent who telegraphed as follows to his superior: "Train just due. Tiger jumping about the platform. Please telegraph orders."

Natural gas which had escaped from a pipe and forced its way through loose earth into a stable in Pittsburgh exploded, with disastrous results, when a hostler entered with a lighted candle. A manufacturer in that city, speaking of the occurrence, said, "Unless some safer method of transportation is invented, we will literally be living on the top of a slumbering volcano."

The result of the 'varsity race seems to prove that for college boys the so-called English stroke is the thing. Not long ago a crew came out of the Northwest, and seemed to prove that, for them at least, the "git-thar" stroke was the best. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the merits of the various styles of rowing, there is no doubt that there is much in proper training, and in doing all the quarrelling before beginning to practice on the water.

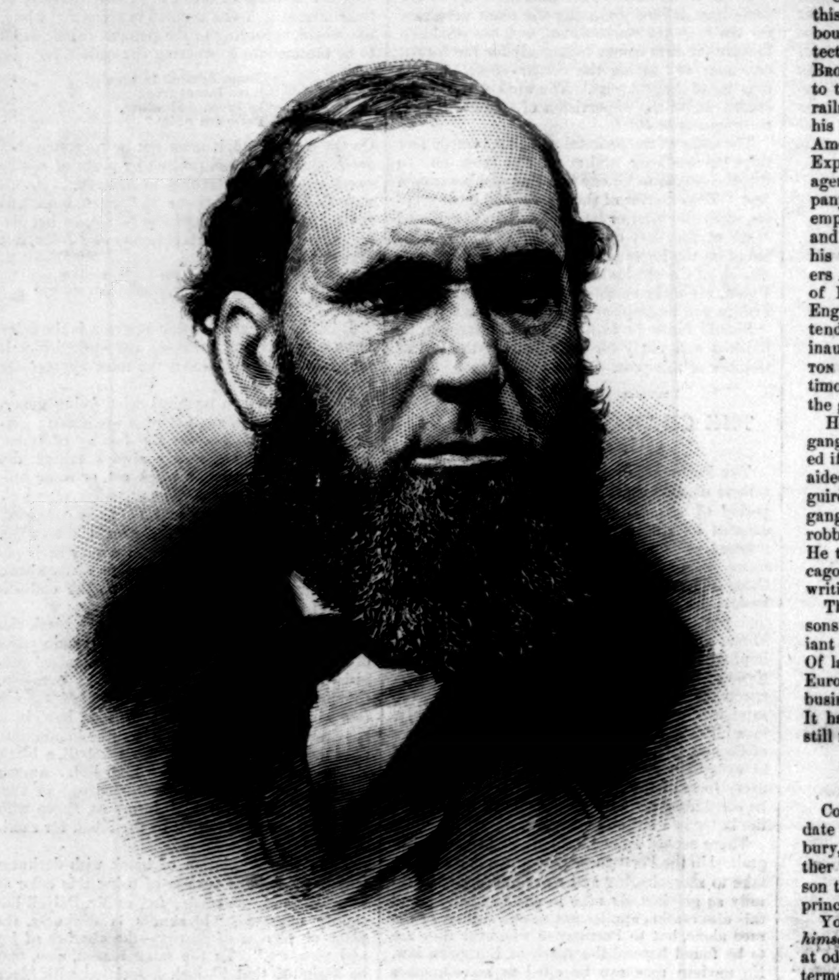
It was a weighty question which the Tammany Committee on Organization was called together to decide a week before the Democratic National Convention. A dealer in hats had offered to equip the Tammany contingent with straw helmets free of cost, and the question before the committee was whether Tammany should accept the offer, and go to Chicago in the dual capacity of convention heelers and perambulating advertisements of a hat store, or should pay for the necessary head-gear. After sitting on the hats for some time, the committee decided to not accept the bounty of the hat-maker, and Tammany's four or five hundred representatives, more or less, went to Chicago in rather cheap white hats of uniform build, which had to be bought. This decision added some little to the burdens of the place-holders, very many of whom go to Chicago as a matter of necessity, and not of their own accord. The railway fare is twenty-five dollars, and it is estimated that the additional cost to each man who is inclined to economize is about seventy-five dollars—to say nothing of the cost of a special hat. If a place-holder should not go to the National Convention, or should go in a hat of a pattern other than that decided upon by the committee, how could he have the face to appear again before the voters of his Assembly district as a whooper-up of enthusiasm?

ALLAN PINKERTON, DETECTIVE.

Few lives have been as crowded with exciting incidents as Allan Pinkerton's, the famous detective, who died at Chicago last week. Even before he became a detective he had gone through the political excitement of the Chartist movement in Glasgow, his native city; and since he made the ferreting out of crime a profession his name has been identified with much of the most stirring and brilliant detective work done in this country. His reputation was not fictitious. It had solid reasoning and hard work for a basis.

Pinkerton may be said to have inherited his police instincts, for his father was a sergeant of police in Glasgow. In 1827, when Allan was nine years old, Sergeant Pinkerton died of injuries received during a struggle with a prisoner. Allan found employment in the print-works of Neil Murphy, who is still residing in Glasgow. Subsequently he learned the cooper's trade. At nineteen he was carried along with the Chartist excitement. When the movement was put down by the government, Allan, hearing that he was in danger of being prosecuted for seditious conduct, married his betrothed, Joan Carfral, and sailed for this country with her.

This was in 1842. They were shipwrecked, but rescued, and landed at Quebec. The young couple drifted to Montreal and Toronto, and finally made their way to Chicago by the great lakes. Here John Anderson, the tobacconist, found employment for him in a brewery. But Allan, finding wages small, moved to Dundee, Kane County, where he set up a cooperage. He was successful almost from the very start. And now occurred the chance incident which shaped his career—he found his opportunity, and turned it to the best account. Money was pretty tight in Illinois in those days, and checks on certain well-known moneyed institutions were circulated in its place. Those of the Milwaukee Fire Insurance Company were poorly engraved and easily counterfeited, and large numbers of spurious checks were put in circulation by a gang of counterfeiters. Pinkerton was one of the sufferers by these. He was in the habit of visiting a group of little islands in the Fox River to obtain materials for his stock. One day by the merest accident he stumbled on a counterfeiters' plant on one of the islands. He kept careful watch, managed to identify the leaders, and then, with such assistance as he could obtain, proceeded to break up the gang. He had several desperate encounters, in which he was twice shot, but finally ran the gang down. He carried into that first detective job the maxim that guided him in everything he undertook, viz., whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.



THE LATE ALLAN PINKERTON.

This exploit earned him considerable local reputation, and he was made a deputy-sheriff for Kane County. He entered into his new pursuit with a zest and a success which soon procured for him an appointment to the more important office of deputy to William A. Church, of Chicago, the sheriff of Cook County. After serving under Church and his successor, he was appointed on the city detective force. A brief experience here showed him the evil effects of carrying on a detective system under the control of a semipolitical body like an American municipal police force. He saw the feasibility of establishing an independent detective bureau, and in 1852, at Chicago, "Pinkerton's Detective Agency" swung out its first sign. Some half-dozen men were employed at the start. Two of these were George H. Bangs, who died last year, having risen to be superintendent of the system, and Timothy Webster, who was hung as a Union spy in Richmond during the war. Pinkerton's system is very different from that in vogue in our municipal force. The detectives of the latter are well known to the criminals, and probably more carefully watched by the criminals than the criminals are by them. In the Pinkerton system the detectives are skillfully disguised, there being full sets of costumes in each branch office.

Pinkerton's success was in a great measure due to his stubborn adherence to several rules he regarded as cardinal. In the first place, he laid it down as a maxim that a criminal can not keep a crime secret. He has to tell it to some one, sooner or later, and Pinkerton trained his men to be that some one. He also made it a rule to employ honest, reliable men. He had the utmost contempt for the practice of setting a thief to catch a thief. Moreover, he never took a job on commission. The work done through his agency, whether successful or not, was charged for at unvarying *per diem* rates. Divorce suits and matters involving family scandals he never touched.

Conducted on a system which was as novel to this country as it was practical, the agency was bound to succeed. Pinkerton was a cordial protector of the slaves. A warm friend of John Brown, he readily gave all his skilled assistance to the operations of the famous "under-ground railroad." In 1860 he formed, as an adjunct to his agency, the Merchants' Police of Chicago. Among his first notable cases was the Adams Express robbery at Montgomery, Alabama. The agency fastened the crime on Maroney, the company's agent. Dashing female detectives were employed to worm the secret out of Maroney, and dashing male detectives to worm it out of his wife. Pinkerton captured the train wreckers Augustus Stuart Byron, an illegitimate son of Lord Byron, and Napier, a nephew of the English admiral. Lincoln's deviation of his intended route to Washington at the time of his inauguration was due to a discovery by Pinkerton of a plot to assassinate the President in Baltimore. The detective was put in command of the government secret service during the war.

He did not succeed in breaking up the James gang, but always claimed he would have succeeded if he had been aided as Governor Crittenden aided others. The breaking up of the Moily Maguire brotherhood, of the Reno and Anderson gang, and the capture of the Northampton Bank robbers, are among his most brilliant exploits. He took great pleasure in a fine farm near Chicago, and much of his leisure time was spent in writing his detective experiences.

The system he founded will survive him. His sons "Bob" Pinkerton and William A. are brilliant detectives, trained in their father's methods. Of late years the agency has been extended to Europe. This was done with a view to getting business from Americans travelling in Europe. It has proved successful, and will doubtless be still further extended.

THE HON. S. E. PINGREE.

Colonel Samuel E. Pingree, Republican candidate for Governor of Vermont, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, August 2, 1832. His father was a well-to-do business man, and gave his son the usual schooling advantages of the times, principally the district schools.

Young Pingree, being interested in books, gave *himself* a sort of fitting for college by studying at odd times, and finally arranged for one or two terms at a high school. Notwithstanding this limited preparation, he entered Dartmouth College in advance, at the age of twenty-one, and graduated in the class of '57. Soon after graduating he studied law with Hon. A. P. Hunton, of Randolph, Vermont, and settled in Hartford, where he opened a law office.

When the war broke out he recruited a company and went to the front, going into the war a lieutenant, and coming out a lieutenant-colonel. After the close of the war he returned to Hartford, resuming his law business with success.

He has little ambition for politics, but was chosen delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1868, which first nominated Grant. In 1882 he was, unexpectedly to himself and to the Convention, nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, to which office he was elected, and has now received the nomination to the Governorship, to which he will be triumphantly elected this fall, as a Republican nomination in Vermont is equivalent to an election. Colonel Pingree is a man of very modest temperament, and has never by word or deed taken the least part in his nomination, and will carry to the Gubernatorial chair a dignity and moral worth which will be an honor to that stanch old commonwealth.

THE HON. ISAAC P. GRAY, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.—Photographed by W. H. Potter.—[See Page 447.]

THE HON. S. E. PINGREE, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF VERMONT.—Photographed by Harlow.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

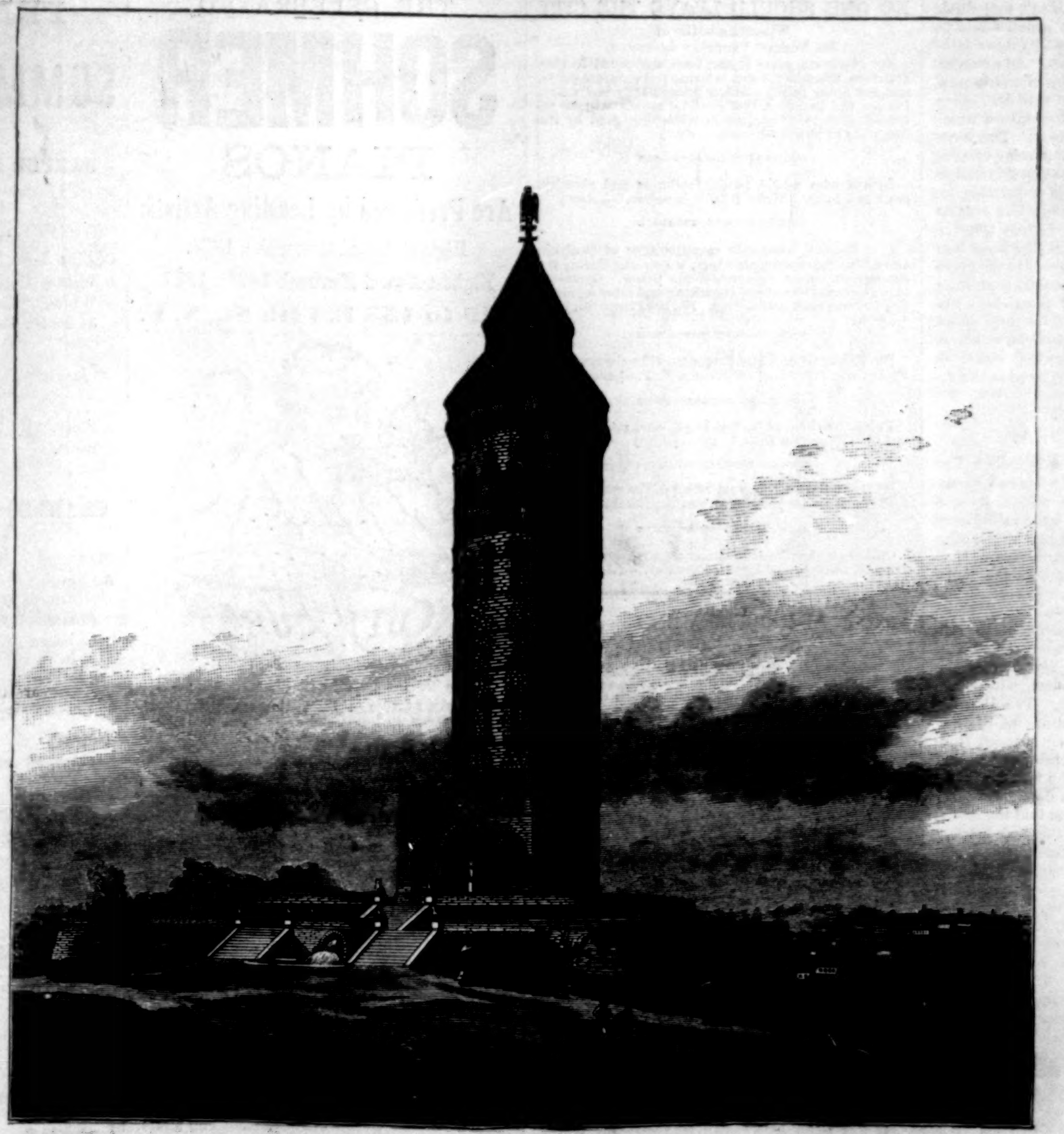
Before preparing the design submitted by the successful architect, he visited the site of the proposed monument, and became convinced that a monument to such a man, erected on so commanding a position, should partake somewhat of the character of him to whose memory it is to be built; that it should stand as grandly pre-eminent in the landscape as General Garfield did in the estimation and affection, not only of his own country, but of the whole world. The career of Garfield might aptly be compared to the building of a tower, its foundations bedded in solid rock, and gradually growing, step by step, till it stands forth, rounded and complete, high above the surrounding country. Adopting the tower, therefore, which is one of the oldest of monumental forms, for the form of a monument to Garfield, the carved and sculptured tomb itself is made the principal object of the memorial, around which all the interest of the design is centred. The tower rises from broad terraces which are reached by wide-spreading steps, forming a dignified approach to the monument. A projecting porch at the base of the tower contains a vestibule, on one side of which is placed the keeper's office, and on the other a room for visitors' register and for the reception of interesting relics. The vestibule leads into a round, vaulted chamber, the stone domical roof of which is carried on eight massive polished granite columns arranged in a circle around the sculptured tomb which occupies the centre of the chamber. The capitals of the columns and the moulded arches between are richly carved. The pavement is tiled in harmonious colors and design, and the whole is lighted by richly mullioned windows, which throw a softened light on the tomb. An aisle or ambulatory outside of the columns surrounds the chamber, the side wall of which is decorated with niches for the reception of statues or vases of flowers, and window-seats are formed between the jambs of the mullioned windows. A spiral staircase of stone leads from this ambulatory to the top of the tower, so constructed that in ascending the tower it winds around the tomb below. In making one revolution of the tower there are four flights of stairs, and a landing is provided at the foot of each flight, lighted by triple windows, from which a view of the landscape can be had. At the level D (see section) the spiral staircase opens on a wide gallery, from which the surrounding country can be viewed, and at the still higher level E a more commanding view can be obtained.

On the outside of the monument, above the deeply recessed portal, is a band or frieze of sculpture six feet in height, extending entirely around the base of the tower, and within easy view from the ground.

It is divided into panels containing bass-reliefs which represent in a graphic manner the career of Garfield as an educator, a soldier, and a statesman, the long and anxious waiting and watching of the world over his death-bed, and the remarkable funeral procession from Elberon to Cleveland. The cornice of the tower bears between the corbels the arms of the different States of the Union.

The remains of the deceased President are inclosed in a crypt built below the level of the chamber, and immediately under the carved tomb. Vaults for his family are provided back of the chamber, occupying the space between two of the bays.

The printed circular inviting designs says the materials of the monument are to be granite and bronze. This design could be executed of such



THE PROPOSED NATIONAL MONUMENT TO GARFIELD.—Photographed by J. F. Ryder from the Architect's Design.

THE FOUNDATION MASS FOR THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."—From a Photograph.—[See Page 451.]

materials, but for a monument of this magnitude other materials might be chosen which would be as suitable and durable, and probably more satisfactory in an artistic point of view. As a suggestion, I would advise Ohio stone for the structural part of the design, in connection with buff-colored terra-cotta for the frieze of sculpture which runs around the base of the tower. The terra-cotta proposed to be used is the color of Ohio stone, and a sample of it accompanies this design.

There is nothing more durable or suitable for the purpose than terra-cotta, and in this connection a copy of a letter received from Quartermaster-General M. C. MEIGS, U.S.A., whose long experience and judgment are entitled to the greatest respect, is appended. The chamber containing the tomb should be executed of the richest materials for the most artistic architectural effect, and the statue of GARFIELD should be either of bronze or marble, and represented seated or standing on a pedestal, or as suggested in the design.

THE MAHDI IDEA.

THOUGH the Mahdi idea was originally a Persian or Shiyite doctrine, it soon spread to the Moslems of other nationalities and denominations, and consequently Mahdis have at different periods appeared in nearly every part of the Mussulman world. In Turkish history there have been several, but none of them obtained much popular support, and they were all arrested and executed without difficulty. The Turks, being naturally realistic and little disposed to religious mysticism, do not readily adopt an idea of the kind, and their traditional devotion to the dynasty of Osman makes them look with suspicion on all sorts of pretenders. The Persian, Arab, Berber, and negro populations of the empire are much more liable to be seduced from their allegiance, especially the Arabs, who regard the Turks as barbarians, and who would willingly free themselves from Turkish domination.

In all ages it has been assumed that the Mahdi would have both a political and religious mission—that he would be at once a political deliverer and a religious reformer. During the existence of the Caliphate as a great empire the tyrants who were to be overthrown were the Ommeyad and Abbasside dynasties, and the Deliverer was to be of the disinherited family of Ali, but these original conceptions have in the course of time been considerably modified by external conditions. There are no longer Ommeyads and Abbassides, but there are still tyrants in Islam, and Islam as a whole is now threatened by aggressive Christendom. A modern Mahdi, therefore, need not necessarily be a descendant of Ali, and he need not attempt to prove that he is a resuscitated Imam. All he requires to do is to put himself forward as a prophet whose mission it is to free Islam from external enemies and reestablish pure primitive faith.

It is in this sense, so far as we know, that the present chief of the Soudan insurrection professes to be the Mahdi. Not being surrounded by Persians, who are the only population of the Ottoman Empire capable of adopting and assimilating Mahdiism as an abstract mystical doctrine, he is not obliged to prove that in a previous terrestrial existence he was one of the legitimate Imams.

The simple people of the Soudan probably never heard of Ali, of Mohammed Ibn Hanafiye, of Djaffer Sadyk, of Ismail, of Moussa, or of the twelfth Imam. It is enough for them to know that Allah has sent a prophet and a deliverer who is to drive unbelievers and tax-gatherers out of the country, and to give his followers abundance of opportunities for obtaining plunder. So long as he continues to accomplish successfully this holy mission, his pretensions to being something more than an ordinary mortal will not be too closely scrutinized, and the *fetwahs* of learned sheiks in Cairo, Mecca, or elsewhere, declaring him to be an impostor, will produce very little effect upon his followers. The followers, on their part, need not know anything of the early history of Islam, or be capable of understanding Pantheistic doctrines. All they require is to be brave and enduring, and to be capable of a certain enthusiasm for the cause which they have espoused. That they possess these requisites in a very high degree they have abundantly proved in recent battles.

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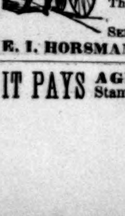

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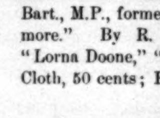

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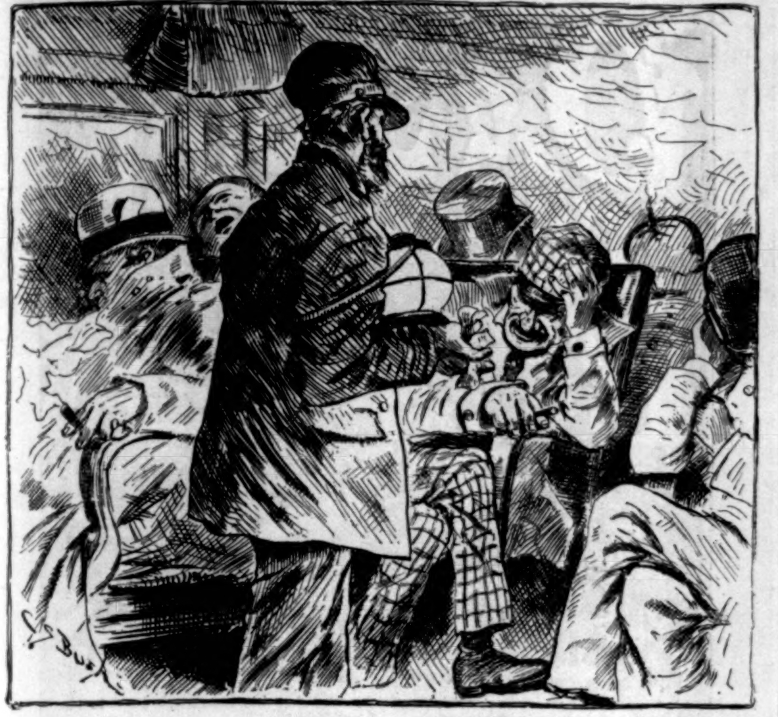

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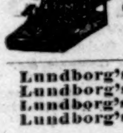

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